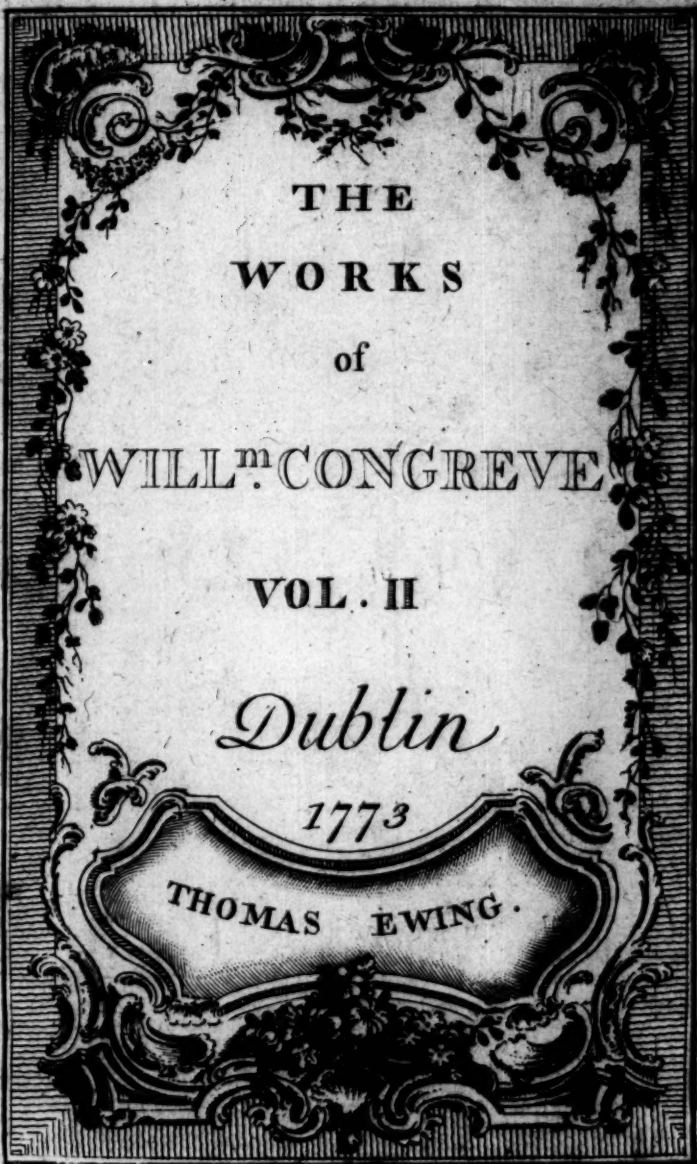




THE

WORKS

of

WILL^m CONGREVE

VOL. II

Dublin

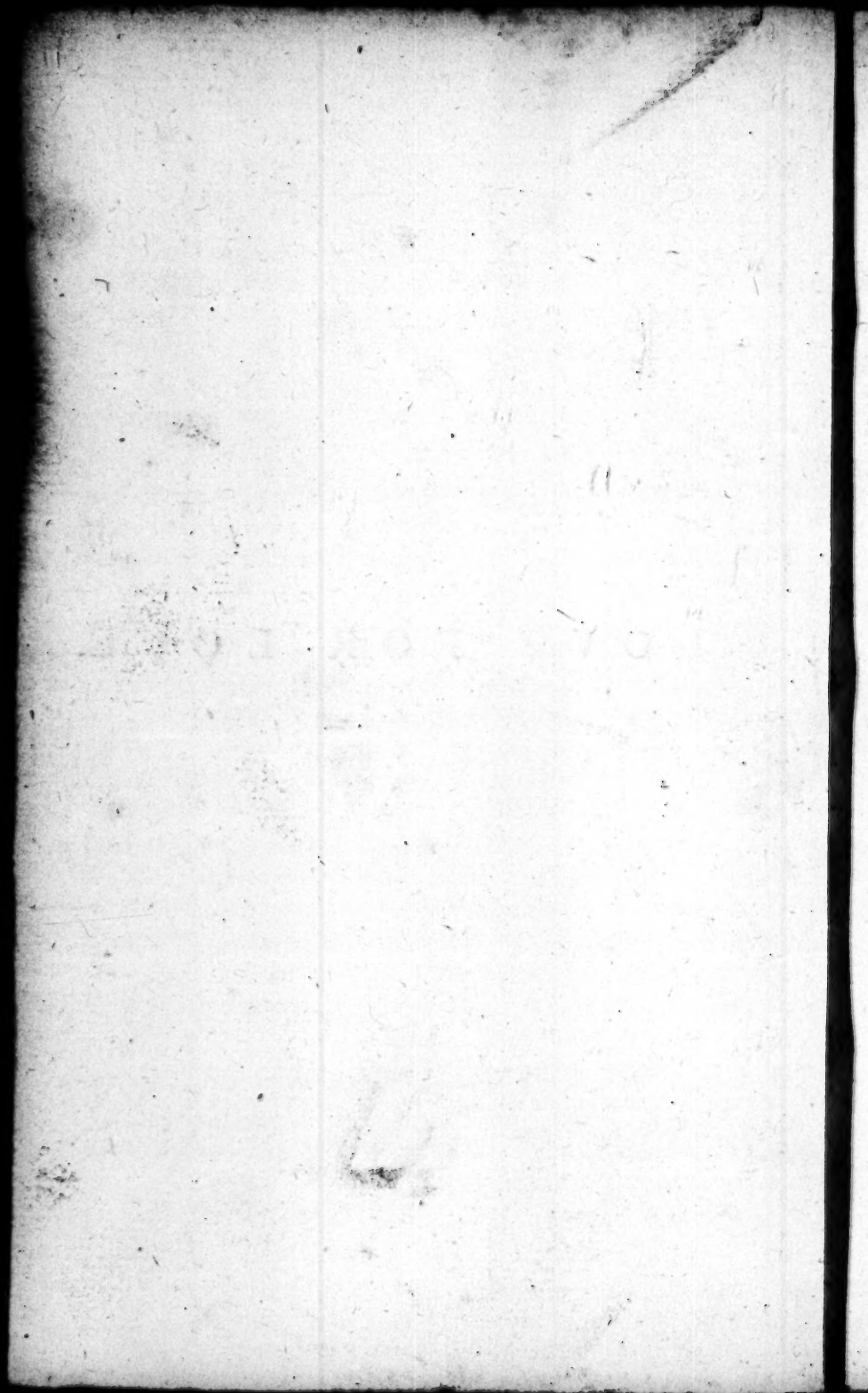
1773

THOMAS EWING.

46
9 532 4



LOVE FOR LOVE.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
C H A R L E S,
EARL OF
DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD,
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

A Young poet is liable to the same vanity and indiscretion with a young lover; and the great man, who smiles upon one, and a fine woman, who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of them in danger of having the favour publish'd with the first opportunity.

But there may be a different motive, which will a little distinguish the offenders. For, tho' one should have a vanity in ruining another's reputation, yet the other may only have an ambition to advance his own. And, I beg leave, my lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the cause and excuse of this dedication.

Whoever is king, is also the father of his country; and as nobody can dispute your lordship's monarchy in poetry; so all, that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge your universal patronage: And it is only presuming on the privilege of a

DEDICATION.

loyal subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my address of thanks to your lordship; which at the same time includes a prayer for your protection.

I am not ignorant of the common form of poetical dedications, which are generally made up of panegyrics, where the authors endeavour to distinguish their patrons, by the shining characters they give them, above other men. But that, my lord, is not my business at this time, nor is your lordship now to be distinguish'd. I am contented with the honour I do myself in this epistle; without the vanity of attempting to add to, or explain, your lordship's character.

I confess, it is not without some struggling, that I behave myself in this case, as I ought: for it is very hard to be pleas'd with a subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuse rather to follow Pliny's precept, than his example, when in his panegyric to the emperor Trajan, he says,

Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati possint,
Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excus'd the pedantry of a quotation, when it is so justly apply'd. Here are some lines in the print, (and which your lordship read, before this play was acted) that were omitted on the stage; and particularly one whole scene in the third act, which not only helps the design forward with less precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous character of Foresight, which, indeed, seems to be maim'd without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho', notwithstanding my care, and the kind reception it had from the town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: But the

DEDICATION.

number of different characters, represented in it, would have been too much crowded in less room.

This reflection on prolixity, (a fault for which scarce any one beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your lordship any longer with the trifles of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House.

BY MR. BETTERTON.

THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,
To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and gen'rous fruit,
When what should feed the tree, devours the root :
Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
So, the poor husbands of the stage, who found
Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,
This last and only remedy have prov'd ;
And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a soil, which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the world to man's first age,
So from your bounty we receive this stage ;
The freedom, man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our world such plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in paradise frail flesh gave way,
And, when but two were made, both went astray ;
Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
If in our larger family we grieve,
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
We, who remain, would gratefully repay,
What our endeavours can, and bring this day
The first-fruit offering of a virgin play.

}

}

}

P R O L O G U E.

We hope there's something that may please each taste,
And, tho' of homely fare, we make the feast,
Yet you will find variety at least. }
There's humour, which for cheerful friends we've got,
And for the thinking party, there's a plot.
We've something too, to gratify ill nature,
(If there be any here) and that is satire.
Tho' satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,
And are afraid to use their own edge-tools,
Since the Plain Dealer's scenes of manly rage,
Not one has dar'd to lash this crying age,
This time the poet owns the bold essay,
Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his play :
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his mind.
And shou'd th' ensuing scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one excuse, 'twas writ
Before your late encouragement of wit. }

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, Father to VALENTINE and BEN.
VALENTINE. Fallen under his father's displeasure by his
expensive way of living, in love with ANGELICA.

SCANDAL. His friend, a free speaker.

TATTLE. A half-witted beau, vain of his amours, yet
valuing himself for secrecy.

BEN. Sir SAMPSON's younger son, half home-bred, and
half sea-bred, design'd to marry Miss PRUE.

FORESIGHT. An illiterate old fellow, peevish and positive,
superstitious, and pretending to understand astrology, phy-
siognomy, palmistry, omens, dreams, &c. Uncle to AN-
GELICA.

JEREMY. Servant to VALENTINE.

TRAPLAND. A scrivener.

BUCKRAM. A lawyer.

W O M E N.

ANGELICA. Niece to FORESIGHT, of a considerable
fortune, in her own hands.

Mrs. FORESIGHT. Second wife to FORESIGHT.

Mrs. FRAIL. Sister to Mrs. FORESIGHT. A woman of
the town.

Miss PRUE. Daughter to FORESIGHT by a former wife, a
filly aukward country girl.

NURSE to Miss.

JENNY. Maid to ANGELICA.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several other Servants.

SCENE, LONDON.



LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Valentine in his chamber, reading; Jeremy waiting:

Several books upon the table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.
JER. Sir.

VAL. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest
what I have read——

Vol. II.

JER. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper-diet.

[Aside, and taking away the books.

VAL. And, d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—there's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor.

JER. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

VAL. Read, read, firrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

JER. O Lord, I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge: pray what was that Epictetus?

VAL. A very rich man.—Not worth a groat.

JER. Humph, and so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten.

VAL. Yes.

JER. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: But, if you please, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? Or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and liv'd in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

VAL. Why, firrah, I have no money, you know it; and, therefore, resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the example of the wisest and wittiest men in all

ages; these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

JER. Aye, sir, I am a fool, I know it: And yet, heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit—But I was always a fool, when I told you, what your expences would bring you to; your coaches, and your liveries; your treats, and your balls; your being in love with a lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that car'd for nothing, but your prosperity; and now, when you are poor, hate you, as much as they do one another.

VAL. Well; and, now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on 'em all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich fops, that made court to her; so shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of fortune. And, for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them—

JER. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

VAL. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

JER. Now heav'n of mercy continue the tax upon paper; you don't mean to write?

VAL. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

JER. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, that the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has, for the space of seven years, truly and faithfully serv'd Valentine Legend, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away,

for any misdemeanor; but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him——

VAL. No, firrah, you shall live with me still.

JER. Sir, it's impossible——I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your works: But, to live even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a muse after my decease.

VAL. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help; ——I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts; d'ye hear, get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming; you may arrive at the height of a song, sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate house lampoon.

JER. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour? Why, fir Samson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir, you're ruin'd; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet ——Ah, pox confound that Will's coffee-house; it has ruin'd more young men than the Royal-Oak lottery——Nothing thrives, that belongs to't. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city——for my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach, that I do at a horse-race. The air upon Banstead-Downs is nothing to it for a whetter: Yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd porter, worn out with pipping and carrying billet-doux and songs; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake: Now, like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet, upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and

LOVE FOR LOVE.

5

his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

VAL. Very well, sir; can you proceed?

JER. Sometimes, like a bilk'd bookfeller, with a meagre terrify'd countenance, that looks, as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the same condition. And, lastly, in the form of a worn-out punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had preferr'd to settlements, without a whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the muses; or as if she were carrying her linen to the paper-mill, to be converted into folio-books of warning to all young maids, not to prefer poetry to good sense; or lying in the arms of a needy wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.

S C E N E II.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

SCAN. What! Jeremy holding forth?

VAL. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

SCAN. Ay? Why then I'm afraid Jeremy has wit; for wherever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

JER. Why, so I have been telling my master, sir. Mr. Scandal, for heaven's sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

SCAN. Poet! he shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head, than the lining. Why, what the devil, has not your poverty made you enemies enough? must you needs shew your wit to get more?

VOL. II.

B.

JER. Ay, more indeed ; for who cares for any body, that has more wit than himself ?

SCAN. Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don't you see, how worthless great men, and dull rich rogues, avoid a witty man of small fortune ? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates, and seems commission'd by heav'n to seize the better half.

VAL. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be reveng'd.

SCAN. Rail ! At whom ? the whole world ? Impotent and vain ! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where religion is folly ? You may stand at bay for a while, but, when the full cry is against you, you sha'n't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsman——No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, parson, be chaplain to an atheist, or stallion to an old woman, any thing but a poet ; a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous and fawning, than any I have nam'd ; without you could retrieve the antient honours of the name, recal the stage of Athens, and be allow'd the force of open honest satire.

VAL. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately expos'd upon the stage.——Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade——[one knocks] Jeremy see whose there. [Exit Jeremy] But tell me, what you would have me do ?——What does the world say of me, and my forc'd confinement ?

SCAN. The world behaves itself as it uses to do on such occasions ; some pity you, and condemn your father ; others excuse him, and blame you ; only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well ; since love and pleasureable expence have been your greatest faults.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

7

[Jeremy returns.]

VAL. How now?

JER. Nothing new, sir; I have dispatched some half a dozen duns, with as much dexterity, as a hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

VAL. What answer have you given 'em?

SCAN. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

JER. No, faith, sir; I have put 'em off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright English——

VAL. What?

JER. That they should be paid.

VAL. When?

JER. To-morrow.

VAL. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

JER. Keep it! Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the matter——[Knocking]——
Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these yourself.

VAL. See who they are.

[Exit Jeremy.]

SCENE III.

Valentine, Scandal.

VAL. By this, Scandal, you may see, what it is to be great: Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an

army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

SCAN. And you, like a true great man, having engaged their attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplex'd to find evasions, than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

VAL. Scandal, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies; this liberty of your tongue will one day bring a confinement on your body, my friend.

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

JER. Oh, fir, there's Trapland the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows, like lawful pads, that wou'd knock a man down with pocket-tiptaves——And there is your father's steward; and the nurse with one of your children, from Twittenham.

VAL. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to fling my sins in my face: Here, give her this [Gives money.] And bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtless two-handed whore, she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the child a fortnight ago, if she had any forecast in her.

SCAN. What, is it bouncing Margery with my godson?

JER. Yes, fir.

SCAN. My blessing to the boy, with this token of my love. [Gives money.] And, d'ye hear, bid Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously—I shall take the air shortly.

VAL. Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk—Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day. [Exit Jeremy.]

SCENE V.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy.

VAL. O Mr. Trapland! my old friend! Welcome. Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

TRAP. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine, and to you, Mr. Scandal.

SCAN. The morning's a very good morning, if you do not spoil it.

VAL. Come, sit down, you know his way.

TRAP. [sits.] There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

VAL. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate—Sirrah, the sack.—

TRAP. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

VAL. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland, fuller.

TRAP. Hold, sweet-heart——this is not our business——my service to you, Mr. Scandal——[Drinks]——I have forborn as long——

VAL. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill Jeremy.

TRAP. No more, in truth——I have forborn, I say——

VAL. Sirrah, fill, when I bid you——And how do's your handsome daughter——Come, a good husband to her. [Drinks.

TRAP. Thank you——I have been out of this money——

VAL. Drink first, Scandal, why do you not drink?

[They drink.

TRAP. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

VAL. I was much oblig'd to you for your supply: It did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good.——Scandal, drink to me, my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress, tho' I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

SCAN. What, I know Trapland has been a whoremaster, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

TRAP. Fie, Mr. Scandal, you never knew——

SCAN. What don't I know?——I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry——Eight hundred pounds a year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. A hah! old Trap.

VAL. Say you so, I'faith: Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are: Come, to the widow——

TRAP. No more, indeed.

VAL. What, the widow's health: give it him——off with it. [They drink.] A lovely girl, I'faith, black sparkling

eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! better sealing there, than a bond for a million, hah!

TRAP. No, no; there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business—you're a wag.

VAL. No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business: Fill again—pretty round heaving breasts—a Barbary shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an Anchorite: And the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, ah! Mr. Trapland.

TRAP. Verily, give me a glass,——you're a wag,—— and here's to the widow. [Drinks.]

SCAN. He begins to chuckle; ply him close, or he'll relapse into a dun.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Officer.

OFF. By your leave, gentleman,——Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us,——We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall-Mall, and Covent-Garden; and, if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

TRAP. Uds, that's true. Mr. Valentine, I love mirth, but business must be done; are you ready to——

JER. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

VAL. Bid him come in: Mr. Trapland, send away your officer, you shall have an answer presently.

TRAP. Mr. Snap, stay within call.

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy, Steward, who
whispers Valentine.

SCAN. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine: Sirrah, refund the sack: Jeremy, fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

TRAP. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil; I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drank it.

SCAN. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

VAL. You need say no more, I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing—Mr. Trapland, you know this man, he shall satisfy you.

TRAP. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity.

VAL. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

TRAP. I hope you forgive me, my business requires—

S C E N E VIII.

Valentine, Scandal.

SCAN. He begs pardon, like a hangman at an execution.

VAL. But I have got a reprieve.

SCAN. I am surpriz'd ; what, does your father relent ?

VAL. No, he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world : You have heard of a booby-brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago ? this brother, my father hears, is landed ; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word ; if I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate, after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pound, to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it ; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

SCAN. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica : And, I think, she has never given you any assurance of hers.

VAL. You know her temper ; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

SCAN. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean : But you have little reason to believe, that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune : Besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own, and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

S C E N E IX.

[To them] Jeremy.

JER. More misfortunes, sir.

VAL. What, another dun ?

JER. No, fir, but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

VAL. Well, I can't help it—you must bring him up ;
he knows I don't go abroad. [Exit Jeremy.

SCENE X.

Valentine, Scandal.

SCAN. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

VAL. No, prithee stay ; Tattle and you should never be asunder ; you are light and shadow, and shew one another : He is perfectly thy reverse, both in humour and understanding ; and, as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

SCAN. A mender of reputations ! Aye, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisperer, and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person. He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and, at the same time, shew you her hand in the superscription : and yet, perhaps, he has counterfeited the hand too ; and sworn to the truth ; but he hopes not to be believed ; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says no to a bishopric, only that it may be granted him.—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation, that he holds private intelligence—He's here.

SCENE XI.

[To them] Tattle.

TAT. Valentine, good-morrow ; Scandal, I am yours, —that is, when you speak well of me.

SCAN. That is, when I am yours ; for, while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

TAT. How inhuman !

VAL. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says ; for, to converse with Scandal, is to play at Losing Loadum ; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

TAT. But, how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumnation. I thank heaven, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputation of others very tenderly indeed.

SCAN. Ay, such rotten reputations, as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

TAT. Nay, but why rotten ? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak ? How cruel that is !

SCAN. Not know 'em ? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body, that did not sink to all the town.

TAT. Ha, ha, ha, nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there's nothing more known, than that nobody knows any thing of that nature of me : As I hope to be sav'd, Valentine, I never expos'd a woman, since I knew what a woman was.

VAL. And yet you have convers'd with several.

TAT. To be free with you; I have—I don't care if I own that—Nay more, (I am going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a woman, that had to do with any body else.

SCAN. How.

VAL. Nay, faith I'm apt to believe him—Except her husband, Tattle.

TAT. O that——

SCAN. What do you think of that noble commoner, Mrs. Drab?

TAT. Pooh, I know madam Drab has made her brags, in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did, I know not what.—But, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—Well, well, that was malice—But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that, by one that we all know—A man too, only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality.

SCAN. Whom we all know.

TAT. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—No doubt on't, every body knows my secrets—But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—madam, says I, there are some persons, who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world, and, says I, if your grace——

SCAN. Grace!

TAT. O lord, what have I said? my unlucky tongue.

VAL. Ha, ha, ha.

SCAN. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence, than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee.

Well, and, ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

VAL. I confess, this is something extraordinary.

TAT. Not a word, as I hope to be sav'd; an arrant lapsus linguae—Come, let's talk of something else.

VAL. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

TAT. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, Faith—I know not what—Come, let's talk of something else. [Hums a song.]

SCAN. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should inquire.

TAT. Valentine, I sup'd last night with your mistress, and her uncle old Foresight: I think your father lyes at Foresight's.

VAL. Yes.

TAT. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman—and so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister Mrs. Frail.

SCAN. Yes, Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman, we all know her.

TAT. Oh, that's not fair.

SCAN. What?

TAT. To tell.

SCAN. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

TAT. Who I? Upon my honour, I don't know whether she be a man or woman, but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

SCAN. No!

TAT. No.

SCAN. She says otherwise.

TAT. Impossible!

SCAN. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else.

TAT. Why, then, as I hope to be fav'd, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy; that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

SCAN. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

TAT. Tho' I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declar'd.

SCAN. Well, you own it?

TAT. I am strangely surpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

SCAN. She'll be here by and by, she sees Valentine every morning.

TAT. How!

VAL. She does me the favour——I mean of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

SCAN. Nor I, faith——but Tattle does not use to belye a lady; it is contrary to his character——how one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine!

TAT. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

SCAN. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

TAT. O barbarous! why, did you not tell me——

SCAN. No, you told us.

TAT. And bid me ask Valentine?

VAL. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question.

TAT. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding——

VAL. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the

LOVE FOR LOVE.

19

ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

SCENE XII.

[To them] Jeremy.

JER. Sir, Mrs. Frail hath sent to know, if you are stirring.

VAL. Shew her up, when she comes. [Exit Jeremy.]

SCENE XIII.

Valentine, Scandal, Tattle.

TAT. I'll be gone.

VAL. You'll meet her.

TAT. Is there not a back way?

VAL. If there were, you have more discretion, than to give Scandal such an advantage; why, your running away will prove all, that he can tell her.

TAT. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever—I shall never be receiv'd, but upon public days, and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be lock'd in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguish'd, among the waiting-women, by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more——You will not be so cruel.

VAL. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

TAT. Any, any terms.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

SCAN. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently—come, where are your familiars—and see, that they are women of quality too, the first quality.——

TAT. 'Tis very hard—won't a baronet's lady pass?

SCAN. No, nothing, under a right honourable.

TAT. O inhuman! you don't expect their names.

SCAN. No, their titles shall serve.

TAT. Alas, that's the same thing: Pray, spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

SCAN. Well, begin then: But, take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemn'd, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

TAT. Well, first then——

SCENE XIV.

[To them] Mrs. Frail.

O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have patience 'till another time—I'll double the number.

SCAN. Well, on that condition—take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. FRAIL. Hey dey! I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning. Scandal, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr. Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know.

SCAN. Tattle.

TAT. Mum—O madam, you do me too much honour.

VAL. Well, lady galloper, how does Angelica?

FRAIL. Angelica? Manners.

VAL. What, you will allow an absent lover——

FRAIL. No, I'll allow a lover, present with his mistress, to be particular——but, otherwise, I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

VAL. But, what if he has more passion than manners?

FRAIL. Then let him marry and reform.

VAL. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

FRAIL. You are the most mistaken in the world; there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband. For, in a little time, he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but I suppose you hear your brother Benjamin is landed: And my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country——I assure you, there is a match talked of by the old people——well, if he be but as great a sea-beast, as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed——the progeny will be all otters; he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

VAL. Pox take them, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

FRAIL. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral, and an eminent justice of the peace, to be the issue-male of their two bodies; 'tis the most superstitious old fool! he would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad: But I invented a dream, and sent him to Artimedorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? come, I must have something.

VOL. II. C

VAL. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

SEAN. Ay, we'll all give you something.

FRAIL. Well, what will you all give me?

VAL. Mine's a secret.

FRAIL. I thought you would give me something, that would be a trouble for you to keep.

VAL. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

FRAIL. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. Tattle?

TAT. I! my soul, madam.

FRAIL. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear you have a great many pictures.

TAT. I have a pretty good collection, at your service, some originals.

SEAN. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons and the Twelve Cæsars, paultry copies; and the Five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself. And he himself is the only original you will see there.

FRAIL. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

SEAN. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

FRAIL. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

TAT. Oh madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man, but the painter and myself, was ever blest'd with the sight.

FRAIL. Well, but a woman—

TAT. Not woman, 'till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

SEAN. No, no: Come to me, if you wou'd see pictures.

FRAIL. You?

SCAN. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

FRAIL. O lying creature—Valentine, does not he lye?
—I can't believe a word he says.

VAL. No indeed, he speaks truth now: For, as Tattle has pictures of all, that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all, that have refus'd him; if satyrs, descriptions, characters, and lampoons are pictures.

SCAN. Yes, mine are most in black and white—and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women, I can show you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, leachery, impotence, and ugliness, in another piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a profess'd beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

FRAIL. Come, let's hear 'em.

SCAN. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

FRAIL. So.

SCAN. Then, I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar, with a hackney-coachman.

FRAIL. O devil! well, but that story is not true.

SCAN. I have some hieroglyphics too, I have a lawyer, with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face! a divine with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

FRAIL. And no head?

SCAN. No head.

FRAIL. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you ne'er a poet?

SCAN. Yes, I have a poet weighing words, and selling praise for praise, and a critic picking his pocket. I have another large piece too, representing a school, where there are huge proportion'd critics, with long wigs, lac'd coats, Steinkirk cravats, and terrible faces; with cat-calls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

FRAIL. Well, I'll come, if it be only to disprove you.

SCENE XV.

[To them] Jeremy.

JER. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

VAL. I'll come to him——will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

FRAIL. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the exchange? I must call my sister Foresight there.

SCAN. I will; I have a mind to your sister.

FRAIL. Civil!

TAT. I will; because I have a Tendre for your ladyship.

FRAIL. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

SCAN. Well, if Tattle entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

VAL. Tell Angelica, I am about to make hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

SCAN. I'll give an account of you, and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most of a lover of any body that I know: You fancy, that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress—In my mind, he is a thoughtless adventurer.

Who hopes to purchase wealth, by selling land,
Or win a mistress, with a losing hand.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in Foresight's house.

Foresight and Servant.

FORE. Hey day! What, are all the women of my family abroad? is not my wife come home? nor my sister, nor my daughter?

SERV. No, sir.

FORE. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes. Is my nice Angelica at home?

SERV. Yes, sir.

FORE. I believe you lie, sir.

SERV. Sir?

FORE. I say you lie, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be, as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

SERV. I can't tell indeed, sir.

FORE. No, I know you can't, fir: But I can tell, fir, and foretel, fir.

SCENE II.

[To them] Nurse.

Nurse, where's your young mistress?

NURSE. Wee'ft heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor child, I warrant she's fond o' seeing the town——Marry, pray heav'n they ha' given her any dinner——Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha. Oh strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha. Marry, and did you ever see the like?

FORE. Why, how now, what's the matter?

NURSE. Pray heav'n send your worship good luck, marry and Amen, with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

FORE. Ha, how? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it, and so I have, that may be good luck, in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: Nay, I have had some omens; I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too: But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those; some bad, some good, our lives are chequer'd: Mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time——But, in troth, I am pleas'd at my stocking, very well pleas'd at my stocking——O, here's my niece!

SCENE III.

Enter Angelica.

Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend, I'll wait on him, if he's at leisure—'tis now three a clock, a very good hour for business; Mercury governs this hour. [Exit Servant.

ANG. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? pray, lend me your coach, mine is out of order.

FOR. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all females are mad to-day—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family—I remember an old prophecy, written by Messahalah the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard.

When house-wives all, the house forsake,
And leave good man to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head;
And when the head is set in ground,
No man, if it be fruitful find.

Fruitful, the head fruitful, that bodes horns; the fruit of the head is horns—Dear niece, stay at home—for by the head of the house is meant the husband; the prophecy needs no explanation.

ANG. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

FOR. Yes, yes; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

ANG. But my inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad, and, if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair, and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her, when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant, Ha, ha, ha.

FOR. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

ANG. Nay, uncle, don't be angry—If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood—What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision, as 'twere for a siege? What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder-boxes did you purchase! one would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season.

FOR. Why, you malapert slut—

ANG. Will you lend me your coach, or I'll go on—Nay, I'll declare how you prophesy'd popery was coming; only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoon-meat together—Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

FOR. How, hussy, was there ever such a provoking minx?

NURSE. O merciful father, how she talks!

ANG. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old nurse there—

NURSE. Marry, heav'n defend—I at midnight practices—O lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship—Why, did you ever hear the like now—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle, and your tobacco box, and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet? O lord, I—

ANG. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants' names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the candle-cup—Nay, I know something worse, if I wou'd speak of it.

FOR. I defy you, hussy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your fortune in your own hands—but, I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spenthrift galant, Valentine, pay for all, I will.

ANG. Will you, I care not, but all shall out then—Look to it nurse; I can bring witness that you have a great unnatural teat, under your left arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young devil, in the shape of a tabby cat, by turns, I can.

NURSE. A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O the false slanderous things; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another christian, [Crying.] or any teats but two, that ha'n't given suck this thirty years.

FOR. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I should be thus tormented—This is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of

my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold—
But I will have my doors lock'd up—I'll punish you, not
a man shall enter my house.

ANG. Do, uncle, lock 'em up quickly, before my aunt
come home.—You'll have a letter for alimony to-morrow
morning.—But let me be gone first, and then let no mankind
come near the house, but converse with spirits and celestial
signs, the bull, and the ram, and the goat. Bless me! there
are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle.
But cuckolds go to heaven,

FORG. But, there is but one virgin among the twelve
signs, spitfire, but one virgin.

ANG. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to
do with any thing but astrologers; uncle, that makes my aunt
go abroad.

FORG. How? how? is that the reason? Come, you know
something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good niece.—
Come, you shall have my coach and horses,—faith and
truth, you shall.—Does my wife complain? Come, I know
women tell one another.—She is young and sanguin, has
a wanton hazle eye, and was born under Gemini, which
may incline her to society; she has a mole upon her lip,
with a moist palm, and an open liberality on the mount of
Venus.

ANG. Ha, ha, ha.

FORG. Do you laugh?—Well, gentlewoman, I'll—
But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle, tell
me—won't you speak! O, I'll—

SCENE IV.

[To them] Servant.

SERV. Sir Sampson is coming down to wait upon you—

ANG. Good b'w'ys, uncle—Call me a chair— I'll find out my aunt, and tell her she must not come home.

FOR. I am so perplex'd and vex'd, I'm not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself, before the hour be past: Go, nurse, tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

NURSE. Yes, sir.

FOR. Well—Why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said—

SCENE V.

Forefight, and Sir Sampson Legend with a paper.

SIR SAMP. Nor no more to be done, old boy; that's plain—here 'tis, I have it in my hand, old Ptolemee; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him: I will, old Nostrodamus. Why, I warrant my son thought nothing belong'd to a father, but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he dang'd till dooms-day, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, Signatum, Sigillatum, and Deliberatum; that, as soon as my son Benjamin is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his right

of inheritance. Where's my daughter, that is to be——
Ha! old Merlin! Body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on
this undutiful rogue.

FORE. Odso, let me see; let me see the paper——Ay,
faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wish things
were done, and the conveyance made——when was this
sign'd? What hour? Od so, you should have consulted me
for the time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir SAM. Haste, ay, ay; haste enough, my son Ben
will be in town to-night—I have ordered my lawyer to draw
up writings of settlement and jointure——All shall be done
to-night——No matter for the time; prithee, brother Foresight,
leave superstition——Pox o' th' time; there's no time,
but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's
past, and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine
by day, and the stars by night, why, we shall know one
another's faces, without the help of a candle, and that's all
the stars are good for.

FORE. How, how? Sir Sampson, that all? Give me
leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir SAM. I tell you, I am wise; and sapiens dominabitur
astris; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument
to confound your Ephemeris——Ignorant!——I tell
you I have travell'd old Fircu, and know the globe. I have
seen the Antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight, and
sets at noon-day.

FORE. But, I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in
the celestial spheres, know the Signs and the Planets, and
their houses. Can judge of motions, direct and retrograde,
of Sextiles, Quadrates, Trines and Oppositions, fiery Trigons,
and aquatical Trigons. Know, whether life shall be long
or short, happy or unhappy, whether diseases are curable or

incurable. If journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings, successful; or goods stol'n recover'd, I know——

Sir SAMP. I know the length of the emperor of China's foot; have kiss'd the great Mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of Tartary—Body o'me, I have made a cuckold of a king, and the present majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

FORE. I know, when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir SAMP. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; and seen a conjurer, that could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

FORE. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better informed of this——[Aside.]——Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? tho' you made a cuckold of the king of Bantam, yet, by the body of the sun——

Sir SAMP. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother Capricorn.

FORE. Capricorn in your teeth, thou modern Mandevil; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again; I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir SAMP. Body o'me, I have gone too far;——I must not provoke honest Albumazar——an Egyptian mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphic, and may have significations of futurity about him; oddsbud, I would my son were an Egyptian mummy, for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good Haly——I reverence the sun, moon, and stars, with all my heart——What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy; Now I think on't, body

o' me. I have a shoulder of an Egyptian king, that I purloin'd from one of the pyramids, powder'd with hieroglyphics; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house, and make an entertainment for all the Philomaths, and students in physick and astrology in and about London.

FORE. But, what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

SIR SAMP. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon; Nay, she is more illustrious than the moon; for she has her chastity without her insensancy. 'Sbud I was but in jest.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Jeremy.

How now, who sent for you? ha? what would you have?

FORE. Nay, if you were but in jest—Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy.

SIR SAMP. My son, sir; what son, sir? My son Benjamin, heh?

JER. No, sir, Mr. Valentine, my master——'tis the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

SIR SAMP. Well, sir.

SCENE VII.

Forefight, Sir Sampson, Valentine, Jeremy.

JER. He is here, sir.

VAL. Your blessing, sir.

Sir SAMP. You've had it already, fir, I think I sent it you to-day, in a bill of four thousand pound: A great deal of money, brother Foresight.

FORE. Ay indeed, fir Sampson, a great deal of mony for a young man, I wonder what he can do with it.

Sir SAMP. Body o' me, so do I——hark-ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear, boy?

VAL. Superfluity, fir; it will scarce pay my debts——I hope you'll have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions, which my necessity sign'd to.

Sir SAMP. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate concerning indulgence?

VAL. Why, fir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part——

Sir SAMP. O, Sir, I understand you——that's all, ha?

VAL. Yes, fir, all that I presume to ask——but what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir SAMP. No doubt of it, sweet fir; but your filial piety, and my fatherly fondness, wou'd fit like two tallies——here's a rogue, brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and wou'd be releas'd from it in the afternoon; here's a rogue, dog, here's conscience and honesty; this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits! you are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a——why, sirrah, is not here under hand and seal——can you deny it?

VAL. Sir, I don't deny it——

Sir SAMP. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up Holburn-Hill——has not he a rogue's face?——speak, brother, you understand phygnomy, a hanging

look, to me—of all my boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd Tyburn face, without the benefit of the clergy.

FORE. Hum—truly, I don't care to discourage a young man, he has a violent death in his face, but I hope no danger of hanging.

VAL. Sir, is this usage for your son——for that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, fir——

Sir SAMP. You, fir; and you, fir:——Why, who are you, fir?

VAL. Your son, fir.

Sir SAMP. That's more than I know, fir, and I believe not.

VAL. Faith, I hope not.

Sir SAMP. What, wou'd you have your mother a whore? did you ever hear the like! did you ever hear the like! body o' me——

VAL. I would have an excuse for your barbarity, and unnatural usage.

Sir SAMP. Excuse! Impudence! why, firrah, mayn't I do what I please? are not you my slave? did not I beget you? and might not I have chosen, whether I would have begot you or no? Oons, who are you? whence came you? what brought you into the world? how came you here, fir? here, to stand here upon those two legs, and look erect, with that audacious face, hah? answer me that: Did you come a volunteer into the world? or did I beat up for you with the lawful authority of a parent, and press you into the service?

VAL. I know no more, why I came, than you do, why you call'd me. But here I am, and, if you don't mean to

to provide for me, I desire you would leave me, as you found me.

Sir SAMP. With all my heart: Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world, as you came into it.

VAL. My clothes are soon put off—but you must also divest me of reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir SAMP. Body o' me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

VAL. I am, of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature, and to be kept at small expence; but the retinue, that you gave me, are craving and invincible; they are so many devils, that you have rais'd, and will have employment.

Sir SAMP. 'Oons, what had I to do to get children?—can't a private man be born without all these followers?—why, nothing, under an emperor, should be born with appetites—why, at this rate, a fellow, that has but a groat in his pocket, may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

JER. Nay, that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex.

Sir SAMP. Here's a cormorant too—s'heart, this fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?

JER. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too—nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whorson appetites too, that my master speaks of.

Sir SAMP. Why, look you there now—I'll maintain it, that, by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate—s'heart, what should he do with

—VOL. II. D

a distinguishing taste?—I warrant now he'd rather eat a pheasant, than a piece of poor John; and smell, now; why, I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink—why there's it; and music, don't you love music, scoundrel?

JER. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jigs and country dances, and the like; I don't much matter your Solo's or Sonata's, they give me the spleen.

SIR SAM. The spleen, ha, ha, ha, a pox confound you—Solo's or Sonata's! 'Oons, whose son are you? how were you engender'd, muck-worm?

JER. I am, by my father, the son of a chairman, my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer; and I came upstairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

FORG. By your looks, you shou'd go upstairs out of the world too, friend.

SIR SAM. And, if this rogue were anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal—this top of a cucumber—these things are unaccountable and unreasonable—body o'me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their paws? Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; the one has its nutriment in its own hands, and the other spins its habitation out of its own entrails.

VAL. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature; if I had my right of inheritance.

SIR SAM. Again! 'Oons, has't you four thousand pounds?—if I had it again, I would not give thee a great—what, would'st thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals?—'sheart, live by your wits—

you were always fond of the wits——now, let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself.——Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants, and to your friend, and servant——Come, brother Foresight.

SCENE VIII.

Valentine, Jeremy.

JER. I told you, what your visit would come to.

VAL. 'Tis as much as I expected——I did not come to see him, I came to Angelica: But, since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way; and at least look'd well on my side: What's here, Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail, they are earnest——I'll avoid 'em——come this way, and go and enquire when Angelica will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail.

FRAIL. What have you to do to watch me?——'slife, I'll do what I please.

MRS. FORE. You will?

FRAIL. Yes, marry, will I——a great piece of business to go to Covent Garden Square in a hackney coach, and take a turn with one's friend.

MRS. FORE. Nay, two or three times, I'll take my oath.

FRAIL. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant, if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation. —Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like.

Mrs. FORE. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there's no happiness, like conversing with an agreeable man: I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent; but the place is public, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach, is scandalous. What if any body else should have seen you alight, as I did?—How can any body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd?— Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

FRAIL. Pooh, here's a clutter—why should it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now—If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-Garden, or to Barn-Elms, with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. FORE. Why, was I ever in any of those places? What do you mean, sister?

FRAIL. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. FORE. You have been at a worse place.

FRAIL. I at a worse place, and with a man!

Mrs. FORE. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's End.

FRAIL. The World's End! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. FORE. Poor innocent! You don't know, that there is a place call'd the World's End? I swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable player.

FRAIL. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and, in my mind, too much for the stage.

Mrs. FORE. Very well, that will appear who has most.
You never were at the World's End?

FRAIL. No.

Mrs. FORE. You deny it positively to my face?

FRAIL. Your face, what's your face?

Mrs. FORE. No matter for that, it's as good a face as yours.

FRAIL. Not by a dozen years wearing——But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. FORE. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face;——for, I'll swear, your impudence has put me out of countenance;——but look you here now——where did you lose this gold bodkin?——O sister, sister!

FRAIL. My bodkin!

Mrs. FORE. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

FRAIL. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?——O sister, sister!——sister every way.

Mrs. FORE. O devil on't, that I could not discover her, without betraying myself. [Aside.

FRAIL. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lie open one's self.

Mrs. FORE. It's very true, sister: Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we both are wounded, let us do, what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

FRAIL. With all my heart, ours are but slight flesh-wounds, and, if we keep them from air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecy, and affection.

Mrs. FORE. Here 'tis, with all my heart.

FRAIL. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have : To tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the world has observ'd us, more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for ; I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation ; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son, that is expected to-night ; and, by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjurer : The estate, you know, is to be made over to him :—Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, ha ? You understand me ?

Mrs. FORT. I do ; and will help you to the utmost of my power——And I can tell you one thing, that falls out luckily enough ; my awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is design'd to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle ; now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together ; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

S C E N E X.

[To them] Tattle and Miss Prue.

MISS. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Mrs. FORT. Fie, fie, Miss, how you bawl——besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

MISS. What must I call you then, are you not my father's wife ?

Mrs. FORT. Madam ; You must say madam ;——By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great

girl call me mother—Well, but Miss, what are you so overjoy'd at.

MISS. Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has has given me—Look you here, cousin, here's a snuff-box; nay there's snuff in't;—here, will you have any—O good! how sweet it is—Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure, sweet, sweeter than roses—Smell him, mother—madam, I mean: He gave me this ring for a kiss.

TAT. O fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

MISS. Yes; I may tell my mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief—Smell, cousin, he says he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way—Is it not pure?—It's better than lavender, mum—I'm resolv'd I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks.—ha, cousin.

FRAIL. Fie, Miss, amongst your linen, you must say—you must never say smock.

MISS. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

TAT. Oh, madam, you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely—pretty Miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency.

Mrs. FORT. Oh, dem you, toad—I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocency.

TAT. Who, I, madam?—Oh lord, how can your ladyship have such a thought—sure you don't know me!

FRAIL. Ah devil, fly devil—He's as close, sister, as a confessor—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. FORE. A cunning cur, how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature ; and left us, sister, presently.

TAT. Upon reputation——

Mrs. FORE. They're all so, sister—these men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day—I warrant it would break Mr. Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him.

TAT. Oh lord, I swear, I would not for the world.

FRAIL. O hang you, who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess——we know you——she's very pretty! Lord! what pure red and white!——she looks so wholesome;——ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man——

MISS. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. FORE. Heark'ee, sister——by my soul the girl is spoil'd already——d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpawlin—Gad, I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. Tattle.

FRAIL. O' my soul, I'm afraid not——eh!——filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar—Devil take you, you confounded toad—why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. FORE. Nay, why did we let him—my husband will hang us—he'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

FRAIL. Come, faith let us be gone——If my brother Foresight should find us with them; he'd think so sure enough.

Mrs. FORE. So he won'd—But then leaving 'em together is as bad—And he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

FRAIL. I don't care; I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. FORE. Well, if you shou'd, Mr. Tattle, you'll have a world to answer for: remember I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

SCENE XI.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

MISS. What makes 'em go away, Mr. Tattle? What do they mean; do you know?

TAT. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—But, hang me, if I know the reason of it.

MISS. Come, must not we go too?

TAT. No, no, they don't mean that.

MISS. No! What then? What shall you and I do together?

TAT. I must make love to you, pretty Miss; will you let me make love to you.

MISS. Yes, if you please.

TAT. Frank, I'gad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me; or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do, as she would be done by——Gad I'll understand it so.

[Aside.

MISS. Well, and how will you make love to me—come, I long to have you begin——must I make love too? You must tell me how.

TAT. You must let me speak, Miss, you must not speak first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

MISS. What, is it like the catechism?—come then, ask me.

TAT. D'ye think you can love me?

MISS. Yes.

TAT. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already; I sha'n't care a farthing for you then in a twinkling.

MISS. What must I say then?

TAT. Why, you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

MISS. Why, must I tell a lie then?

TAT. Yes, if you would be well bred. All well bred persons lie——Besides you are a woman, you must never speak what you think: Your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too——If I tell you, you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you——But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you——And like me for the beauty, which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself——If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me; if I ask you for more, you must be more angry——but more complying, and, as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

MISS. O Lord, I swear this is pure——I like it better than our old-fashion'd country-way of speaking one's mind.——And must not you lie too?

TAT. Hum——yes——but you must believe I speak truth.

MISS. O Gemini! well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frighted me, and said it was a sin,

TAT. Well, my pretty creature; will you make me happy, by giving me a kiss?

Miss. No, indeed; I'm angry at you——

[Runs and kisses him.

TAT. Hold, hold, that's pretty well——but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do't again.

TAT. With all my heart——Now then, my little angel.

[Kisses her.

Miss. Pish.

TAT. That's right——again, my charmer.

[Kisses again.

Miss. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

TAT. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in Covent-garden.——And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is?

Miss. No, indeed won't I: But I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

TAT. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry——and you shall push me down before you come in.

TAT. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

TAT. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss. Oh, but you sha'n't; for I'll hold my tongue——

TAT. Oh my dear, apt scholar.

Miss. Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you.

TAT. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Nurse, alone.

NURSE. Miss, miss, miss Prue—Mercy on me, marry and amen. Why, what's become of the child?—Why miss, miss Foresight—Sure she has lock'd herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers; miss, miss. I hear her—Come to your father, child: Open the door—Open the door, miss—I hear you cry husht—Oh Lord, who's there? [peeps] What's here to do?—O the father! a man with her!—Why, miss, I say, God's my life, here's fine doing towards—O Lord, we're all undone—O you young harlotry, [knocks] Od's my life, won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

MISS. O Lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my father; what shall I do now?

TAT. Pox take her; if she had stay'd two minutes longer, I should have wish'd for her coming.

MISS. O dear, what shall I say? tell me, Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

TAT. There's no occasion for a lie; I could never tell a lie to no purpose—But, since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[Thrusts her in and shuts the door.]

SCENE III.

Tattle, Valentine, Scandal and Angelica.

ANG. You can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

VAL. But, I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

ANG. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

SCAN. Nor good nature enough to answer him that did ask you. I'll say that for you, madam.

ANG. What, are you setting up for good nature?

SCAN. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill nature.

ANG. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

SCAN. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion; for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

TAT. [coming up.] Scandal, are you in private discourse, any thing of secrecy? [Aside to Scandal.]

SCAN. Yes, but I dare trust you; we were talking of Angelica's love to Valentine; you won't speak of it.

TAT. No, no, not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it's whisper'd every where.

SCAN. Ha, ha, ha.

ANG. What is, Mr. Tattle? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

SCAN. Your love of Valentine.

ANG. How?

TAT. No, madam, his love for your ladyship——Gad take me, I beg your pardon——for I never heard a word of your ladyship's passion, till this instant.

ANG. My passion! And who told you of my passion, pray, sir?

SCAN. Why, is the devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a secret?

TAT. Gadso; but I thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs.

SCAN. Is that your discretion? Trust a woman with herself?

TAT. You say true, I beg your pardon——I'll bring all off——It was impossible, madam, for me to imagine, that a person of your ladyship's wit and gallantry, could have so long receiv'd the passionate addresses of the accomplish'd Valentine, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if, from a just weight of his merit, with your ladyship's good judgment, I form'd the balance of a reciprocal affection.

VAT. O the devil, what damn'd costive poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

ANG. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own——And Mr. Tattle only judges of the success of others, from the effects of his own merit. For certainly Mr. Tattle was never deny'd any thing in his life.

TAT. O Lord! yes indeed, madam, several times.

ANG. I swear, I don't think it's possible.

TAT. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, madam, I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the most cruelly us'd by the ladies.

ANG. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

TAT. No, I hope not—'tis as much ingratitude to own former favours, as to conceal others.

VAL. There now, it's out.

ANG. I don't understand you now. I thought you had never ask'd any thing, but what a lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

SCAN. So, faith, your business is done here; now you may go brag somewhere else.

TAT. Brag! O heavens! Why, did I name any body?

ANG. No; I suppose that is not in your power; but you would if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

TAT. Not in my power, madam! what does your ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in my power?

SCAN. Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [Aside.

TAT. Faith, madam, you are in the right; no more I have, as I hope to be saved; I never had it in my power to say any thing to a lady's prejudice in my life. For, as I was telling you, madam, I have been the most unsuccessful creature living, in things of that nature, and never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a lady's secret; not once.

ANG. No!

VAL. Not once; I dare answer for him.

SCAN. And I'll answer for him; for I'm sure, if he had, he would have told me; I find, madam, you don't know Mr. Tattle.

TAT. No, indeed, madam, you don't know me at all, I find: for sure my intimate friends would have known—

ANG. Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

TAT. O pox, Scandal, that was too far put—never have told particulars, madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third person—or have introduc'd an amour of my own, in conversation, by way of novel, but never have explain'd particulars.

ANG. But whence comes the reputation of Mr. Tattle's secrecy, if he never was trusted?

SCAN. Why, thence it arises—The thing is proverbially spoken; but may be applied to him—As if we should say, in general terms, he only is secret, who never was trusted; a satyrical proverb upon our sex.—There's another upon yours—As, she is chaste, who was never ask'd the question. That's all.

VAL. A couple of very civil proverbs truly: 'tis hard to tell, whether the lady or Mr. Tattle be the more obliged to you. For you found her virtue upon the backwardness of the men; and his secrecy upon the mistrust of the women.

TAT. Gad, 'tis very true, madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit ourselves—And, for my part—But your ladyship is to speak first—

ANG. Am I? well, I freely confess, I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

TAT. And, I gad, I have given some temptation, that has not been resisted.

VAL. Good.

ANG. I cite Valentine here, to declare to the court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his solicitations, and my denials.

VAL. I am ready to plead, not guilty for you; and guilty for myself.

SCAN. So, why this is fair, here's demonstration with a witness.

TAT. Well, my witnesses are not present—but I confess I have had favours from persons—but as the favours are numberless, so the persons are nameless.

SCAN. Pooh, this proves nothing.

TAT. No? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings; and, if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids of the chocolate-houses; all the porters of Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden, the door-keepers at the play-house, the drawers at Locket's, Pontacks's, the Rummer, Spring-Garden, my own landlady, and Valet de Chambre; all who shall make oath, that I receive more letters, than the secretary's office; and that I have more vizor-masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the hermaphrodite, or the naked prince. And, it is notorious, that in a country-church, once, an enquiry being made, who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous Tattle, who had ruined so many women.

VAL. It was there, I suppose, you got the nick-name of the Grand-Turk.

TAT. True; I was called Turk Tattle all over the parish—the next Sunday, all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the parson had not half his congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the spiritual court, but I was reveng'd upon him; for he had a handsome daughter, whom

I initiated into the science. But I repented it afterwards ; for it was talk'd of in town—and a lady of quality, that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six horses, and expos'd herself upon my account : Gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart—you know whom I mean—you know where we raffled——

SCAN. Mum, Tattle.

VAL. 'Sdeath, are not you ashamed ?

ANG. O barbarous ! I never heard so insolent a piece of vanity—fie, Mr. Tattle—I'll swear I could not have believed it—is this your secrecy ?

TAT. Gadso, the heat of my story carry'd me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the lady's passion hurry'd her beyond her reputation—but I hope you don't know whom I mean ; for there were a great many ladies raffled—pox on't, now could I bite off my tongue.

SCAN. No don't ; for then you'll tell us no more—come, I'll recommend a song to you, upon the hint of my two proverbs, and I see one in the next room, that will sing it. [Goes to the Door.

TAT. For heaven's sake, if you do guess, say nothing : Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

SCAN. Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

A nymph and a swain, to Apollo once pray'd:
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd
Their intent was to try, if his oracle knew
E're a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

II.

Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,
But sagely at length, he this secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray, in whom none will confide;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been try'd.

S C E N E IV.

[To them] Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and
Servant.

Sir SAMP. Is Ben come? odds, my son Ben come?—
od, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him. Now,
Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben——body o'me, he's
the hopes of my family—I ha'n't seen him these three
years—I warrant he's grown——call him in, bid him
make haste—I'm ready to cry for joy.

E 2.

FRAIL. Now, Miss, you shall see your husband.

MISS. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

[Aside to Frail.

FRAIL. Hush : Well, he sha'n't, leave that to me——
I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

ANG. Won't you stay and see your brother ?

VAL. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere ; when he rises, I must set——besides, if I should stay, I don't know, but my father, in good nature, may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate, and I'll defer it as long as I can——well, you'll come to a resolution.

ANG. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

SCAN. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you ; I've something in my head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

Angelica, Sir Sampson, Tattle, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue.

Sir SAMP. What, is my son Valentine gone ? what, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his brother ? there's an unnatural whelp ; there's an ill-natur'd dog ! What, were you here too, madam, and could not keep him ! cou'd neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection oblige him ? Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him ; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous dove about him : All interest, all interest ; he's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate : body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

ANG. I'm pretty even with him, Sir Sampson; for, if ever I could have lik'd any thing in him, it should have been his estate too: But, since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir SAMP. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were: for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

ANG. If I marry, fir Sampson, I'm for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate: therefore, if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare, I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir SAMP. Faith and troth, you're a wise woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so; I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate; od, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mungrel; cast him off; you shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore, for sustenance. Od, I love to see a young spend-thrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak; faith, I do; I love to see 'em hug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

S C E N E VI.

[To them] Ben Legend, and Servant.

BEN. Where's father?

SERV. There, fir, his back's toward you.

Sir SAMP. My son Ben! bless thee, my dear boy; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

BEN. Thank you, father,—and I'm glad to see you.

Sir SAMP. Odsbuds, and I'm glad to see thee; kiss me, boy, kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [Kisses him.

BEN. So, so, enough father—mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir SAMP. And so thou shalt—Mrs. Angelica, my son Ben.

BEN. Forsooth, an you please—[Salutes her] nay, mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship, I faith—
[kisses Frail] nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—
so— [kisses Miss.

TAT. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

BEN. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir SAMP. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

BEN. Ey, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all—well, father, and how do all at home; how does brother Dick, and brother Val.

Sir SAMP. Dick! body o'me, Dick has been dead these two years: I writ you word, when you were at Leghorn.

BEN. Mess, and that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—well, and how? I have many questions to ask you, well, you ben't marry'd again, father, be you?

Sir SAMP. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

BEN. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again—why, then I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all—pray, don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind fit that way. As for my part, may hap I have no mind to marry.

FRAIL. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

BEN. Handsome! he, he, he! nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest, an the

ship were sinking, as we sayn at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand toward matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land. I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it: Now, a man that is marry'd, has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get 'em out again, when he would.

Sir SAMP. Ben's a wag.

BEN. A man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors; he is chain'd to an oar all his life; and mayhap be forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir SAMP. A very wag, Ben's a very wag; only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

FRAIL. Not at all; I like his humour mightily, 'tis plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

BEN. Sayn you so, forsooth? marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bedfellow hugely. How say you, Mistrefs, would you like going to sea? Mefs you're a tight vessel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

FRAIL. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

BEN. But I tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so much sail o'your head—top and top gallant, by the mefs.

FRAIL. No, why so?

BEN. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overfet, and then you will carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

ANG. I swear Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea-wit.

Sir SAMP. Nay, Ben has parts, but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

BEN. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest: And so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

ANG. I thank you, sir, I am not at all offended—— but, methinks, sir Sampson, you shou'd leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

TAT. Well, Miss, I have your promise. [Aside to Miss.]

Sir SAMP. Body o' me, madam, you say true:——Look you, Ben; this is your mistress,——come, Miss, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

MISS. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir SAMP. No, no. Come, let's away.

BEN. Look you father, mayhap, the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir SAMP. I warrant thee, boy, come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE VII.

Ben, and Miss Prue.

BEN. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down, for, an you stand a stern that'n, we shall never grapple together——come, I'll hawl a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

MISS. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

BEN. Why, that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb. I can be heard as far as another—I'll heave off to please you [sits farther off.] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind, indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father; and, if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? the short of the thing is this, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

MISS. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

BEN. No! I'm sorry for that—but, pray, why are you so scornful?

MISS. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

BEN. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches—so that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name, there's no harm done. Mayhap, you may be shamefac'd, some maidens, tho'f they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

MISS. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak, sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, tho' one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never

will, that's more : So, there's your answer for you ; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing !

BEN. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil——as for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end ; and, mayhap, I like you as little as you do me :——What I said, was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh, who are you ? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord : Whatever you think of yourself, Gad, I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

MISS. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him ; and, if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf.

BEN. What, do you mean that fair-weather spark, that was here just now ? will he thrash my jacket ?——let'n——let'n—but, an he comes near me, mayhap, I may giv'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy——sea-calf ? I an't calf enough to lick your chalk'd face, you cheese-curd you :——Marry thee ! Oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wreck'd vessels.

MISS. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't—if I were a man——[Cries]—You durst not talk at this rate——No you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.

SCENE VIII.

[To them.] Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. FORE. They have quarrell'd, just as we could wish.

BEN. Tar-barrel! Let your sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your Tom Essence, and I'll say something to him: Gad, I'll lace his musk doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civit-cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. FORE. Bless me, what's the matter? Miss, what does she cry?—Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

BEN. Let her cry: The more she cries, the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. FORE. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child.

FRAIL. Lord, what shall we do? there's my brother Foresight and fir Sampson coming. Sister, do you take miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber; for they must not know that they are fallen out.—Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me?

[Looks kindly on him.]

BEN. Venture! mess, and that I will, tho' 'twere to sea in a storm.

SCENE IX.

Sir Sampson, and Foresight.

Sir SAMP. I left 'em together here; what, are they gone? Ben's a brisk boy: He has got her into a corner; father's own son; faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her, the rogue's sharp set, coming from sea, if he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall to without the help of a parson, ha? Od, if he should, I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, 'A chip of the old block.' Ma! thou'rt melancholy, old Prognostication, as melancholy, as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or par'd thy nails on a Sunday:—Come, cheer up, look about thee: Look up, old stargazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

FORE. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir SAMP. With all my heart.

FORE. At ten a clock, punctually at ten.

Sir SAMP. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; they shall be marry'd to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and, when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time, like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and consummatum est shall ring all over the parish.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

65

SCENE X.

[To them] Scandal.

SCAN. Sir Sampson, sad news.

FORE. Bless us!

Sir SAMP. Why, what's the matter?

SCAN. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you, and him, and all of us, more than any thing else.

Sir SAMP. Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, or the loss of the Canary fleet; unless popery should be landed in the West, or the French fleet were at anchor at Blackwall.

SCAN. No. Undoubtedly Mr. Foresight knew all this, and might have prevented it.

FORE. 'Tis no earthquake!

SCAN. No, not yet; nor whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to—But it has had a consequence already, that touches us all.

Sir SAMP. Why, body of me, out with it.

SCAN. Something has appear'd to your son Valentine—He's gone to bed upon it, and very ill—He speaks little, yet says he has a world to say; asks for his father, and the wise Foresight; talks of Raymond Lully, and the ghost of Lilly. He has secrets to impart, I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning, but would not be disturb'd to-night; because he has some business to do in a dream.

Sir SAMP. Hoity, toity. What have I to do with his dreams, or his divination—Body o'me, this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell

him in a dream, that he must not part with his estate: But I'll bring him a parson, to tell him, that the devil is a liar: —Or, if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer, that shall out-lie the devil. And so I'll try, whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day.

S C E N E XI.

Scandal, Foresight.

SCAN. Alas, Mr. Foresight, I'm afraid all is not right ——— You are a wise man, and a consciencious man; a searcher into obscurity, and futurity; and if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution. ———

FORE. Ah, good Mr. Scandal ———

SCAN. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you ——— But sir Sampson is hasty, very hasty; I'm afraid he's not scrupulous enough, Mr. Foresight ——— He has been wicked, and heav'n grant he may mean well, in his affair with you ——— But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you should not ———

FORE. Alas, Mr. Scandal ——— *Humanum est errare.*

SCAN. You say true, man will err; mere man will err ——— but you are something more ——— There have been wise men, but they were such as you ——— Men who consulted the stars, and were observers of omens ——— Solomon was wise, but how? ——— By his judgment in astrology ——— So says Pineda, in his third book, and eighth chapter. ———

FORE. You are learn'd, Mr. Scandal ———

SCAN. A trifter—but a lover of art—And the wise men of the East ow'd their instructions to a star, which is rightly observ'd by Gregory the great, in favour of astrology! and Albertus Magnus makes it the most valuable science; Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

FORE. I protest I honour you, Mr. Scandal—I did not think you had been read in these matters—Few young men are inclin'd——

SCAN. I thank my stars, that have inclin'd me——But I fear this marriage, and making over this estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophecy it, and I wou'd not have the fate of Cassandra, not to be believ'd. Valentine is disturb'd, what can be the cause of that? And sir Sampson is hurry'd on by an unusual violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks, he does not look as he used to do.

FORE. He was always of an impetuous nature——But, as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous——

SCAN. Come, come, Mr. Foresight, let not the prospect of worldly lucre, carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your conscience—you are not satisfied, that you act justly.

FORE. How?

SCAN. You are not satisfied, I say——I am loth to discourage you——but it is palpable, that you are not satisfy'd.

FORE. How does it appear, Mr. Scandal? I think I am very well satisfy'd.

SCAN. Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself; or you do not know yourself.

FORE. Pray explain yourself.

SCAN. Do you sleep well o' nights?

FORE. Very well.

SCAN. Are you certain? you do not look so.

FORE. I am in health, I think.

SCAN. So was Valentine this morning; and look'd just so.

FORE. How? Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

SCAN. That may be, but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

FORE. Indeed! blefs me.

SCENE XII.

[To them] Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. FORE. Husband, will you go to bed? it's ten a clock.

Mr. Scandal, your servant——

SCAN. Pox on her, she has interrupted my design——but I must work her into the project. You keep early hours, madam.

Mrs. FORE. Mr. Foresight is punctual, we sit up after him.

FORE. My dear, pray lend me your glafs, your little looking glafs.

SCAN. Pray lend it him, madam——I'll tell you the reason. [She gives him the Glafs: Scandal and she whisper] my passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer master of myself——I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention, and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining myself to you—but was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness,

that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither, at this unseasonable hour——

Mrs. FORE. Was there ever such impudence, to make love to me, before my husband's face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

SCAN. Do, I'll die a martyr, rather than disclaim my passion. But, come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what project I had, to get him out of the way; that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you. [Whisper.

[Forefight looking in the glass.

FORE. I do not see any revolution here;—Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect——pale, a little pale——but the roses of these cheeks have been gather'd many years;—ha! I do not like that sudden flushing——Gone already!——hem, hem, hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good; yet it beats, and my pulses, ha!——I have none——Mercy on me——hum, yes, here they are——Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, he! whither will they hurry me?——Now they are gone again——And now I'm faint again, and pale again, and hem! and my hem!——breath, and hem!——grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

SCAN. It takes, pursue it, in the name of love and pleasure.

Mrs. FORE. How do ye do, Mr. Forefight?

FORE. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

SCAN. Look you there now——Your lady says, your sleep has been unquiet of late.

FORE. Very likely.

Mrs. FORE. O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so——He has been subject to talking and staring.

SCAN. And did not use to be so?

Mrs. FORE. Never, never; till within these three nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my rest, since we have been marry'd.

FORE. I will go to bed.

SCAN. Do so, Mr. Forefight, and say your prayers;—
He looks better than he did.

Mrs. FORE. Nurse, nurse! [Calls.]

FORE. Do you think so, Mr. Scandal?

SCAN. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by morning, take it in time——

FORE. I hope so.

SCENE XIII.

[To them] Nurse.

Mrs. FORE. Nurse, your master is not well; put him to bed.

SCAN. I hope you will be able to see Valentine in the morning——You had best take a little diacodion and cowslip water, and lie upon your back, may be you may dream.

FORE. I thank you, Mr. Scandal; I will——Nurse, let me have a watch-light, and lay the crumbs of comfort by me——

NURSE. Yes, sir.

FORE. And——hem, hem! I am very faint——

SCAN. No, no, you look much better.

FORE. Do I? And d'ye hear——bring me, let me see——within a quarter of twelve——hem—he, hem!—just upon the

turning of the tide, bring me the urinal;—And I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant, nor the moon, will be combust, and then I may do well.

SCAN. I hope so.—Leave that to me; I will erect a scheme; and I hope I shall find both Sol and Venus in the sixth house.

FORE. I thank you, Mr. Scandal, indeed that wou'd be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good night.

SCENE XIV.

Scandal, Mrs. Foresight.

SCAN. Good night, good Mr. Foresight;—and I hope Mars and Venus will be in conjunction;—while your wife and I are together.

Mrs. FORE. Well; and what use do you hope to make of this project? You don't think that you are ever like to succeed in your design upon me?

SCAN. Yes, faith, I do; I have a better opinion both of you and myself, than to despair.

Mrs. FORE. Did you ever hear such a toad—hark'ee, devil; do you think any woman's honest?

SCAN. Yes, several, very honest;—they'll cheat a little at cards, sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. FORE. Pshaw! But virtuous, I mean.

SCAN. Yes, faith, I believe some women are virtuous too; but it is as I believe some men are valiant, thro' fear—For why should a man court danger, or a woman shun pleasure.

Mrs. FORE. O monstrous! what are conscience, and honour?

SCAN. Why honour is a public enemy; and conscience a domestic thief; and he, that wou'd secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for honour, that you have secur'd; for you have purchas'd a perpetual opportunity for pleasure!

Mrs. FORE. An opportunity for pleasure!

SCAN. Ay, your husband; a husband is an opportunity for pleasure; so you have taken care of honour, and 'tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

Mrs. FORE. And so you think we are free for one another?

SCAN. Yes, faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

Mrs. FORE. Why then I'll speak my mind. Now, as to this affair between you and me. Here, you make love to me; why, I'll confess, it does not displease me. Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

SCAN. I have no great opinion of myself; but I think I'm neither deform'd, nor a fool.

Mrs. FORE. But you have a villanous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

SCAN. Come, I know what you would say; you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour; you mistake, the liberty, I take in talking, is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He, that first cries out, stop thief, is often he, that has stolen the treasure. I'm a juggler, that act by confederacy; and, if you please, we'll put a trick upon the world.

Mrs. FORE. Ay; but you are such an universal jugler, that I am afraid you have a great many confederates.

SCAN. Faith, I'm found.

Mrs. FORE. O fie, I'll swear you're impudent.

SCAN. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs. FORE. Pish, you'd tell me so, tho' you did not think so.

SCAN. And you'd think so, tho' I shou'd not tell you so: And now, I think, we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. FORE. O lord, who's here?

SCENE XV.

[To them] Mrs. Frail, and Ben.

BEN. Mefs, I love to speak my mind——Father has nothing to do with me——Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against wind and tide.

Mrs. FRAIL. Aye, but my dear, we must keep it secret, till the estate be settled; for, you know, marrying, without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

BEN. He, he, he; why, that's true; just so for all the world, it is indeed, as like as two cable-ropes.

Mrs. FRAIL. And, tho' I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

BEN. Why, that's true again; for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it, indeed, mefs, you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs. FRAIL. Well, but if you shou'd forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

BEN. Break your heart ; I'd rather the Marygold should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land-man. A sailor will be honest, tho', mayhap, he has never a penny of money in his pocket—May-hap I may not have so fair a face, as a citizen or a courtier ; but, for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a basket.

Mrs. FRAIL. And will you love me always ?

BEN. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch ; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. FRAIL. Hold, there's my sister, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. FORE. Well, I won't go to bed to my husband to-night ; because I'll retire to my own chamber, and think of what you have said.

SCAN. Well ; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your chamber-door ; and leave you my last instructions ?

Mrs. FORE. Hold, here's my sister coming towards us.

Mrs. FRAIL. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a song.

BEN. The song was made upon one of our ship's-crew's wife ; our boat-swain made the song, may-hap you may know her, sir. Before she marry'd, she was call'd Buxom Joan of Deptfort.

SCAN. I have heard of her.

B A L L A D.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

A Soldier, and a sailor,
A tinker, and a tailor,
Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
To make a maid a wife, fir,
Whose name was buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended
To lick her lips at men, fir,
And gnaw the sheets in vain, fir,
And lye o'nights alone.

II.

The soldier swore like thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder;
And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
That he had brought from far, fir,
With fighting for her sake.
The taylor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his measure.
The tinker too with mettle,
Said he could mend her kettle,
And stop up ev'ry leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
 The sailor silyly waiting,
 Thought, if it came about, fir,
 That they should all fall out, fir:

He then might play his part.

And just e'en as he meant, fir,
 To logger-heads they went, fir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,

That won this fair maid's heart.

BEN. If some of our crew, that came to see me, are not gone, you shall see, that we sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other folks. [Whistles.] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh, here they be—and fidlers along with 'em; come, my lads, let's have a round, and I'll make one. [Dance.
 We're merry folks, we sailors, we ha'n't much to care for. Thus we live at sea; eat bisket, and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter——come home, and lye with our landladies once a year, get rid of a little money; and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. FRAIL. O, you are the happiest, merriest men alive.

Mrs. FORE. We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this entertainment. I believe it's late.

BEN. Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to bed. For my part, I mean to toss a can, and remember my sweet-heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. FORD. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed and dream too.

SCAN. Why, faith, I have a good lively imagination; and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it: But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn-out finners, and the faint dawning of a bliss to wishing girls, and growing boys.

There's nought, but willing, waking love, that can
Make blest the ripen'd maid, and finish'd man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's Lodging.

Enter Scandal and Jeremy.

SCAN. Well, is your master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

JER. Yes, sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he, that was so near turning poet yesterday-morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

SCAN. Would he have Angelica acquainted with the reason of his design?

JER. No, fir, not yet;—He has a mind to try, whether his playing the madman, won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

SCAN. I saw her take a coach just now, with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

JER. Like enough, fir; for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad, only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop; if it should be she, fir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

SCAN. Well, I'll try her—'tis she, here she comes.

S C E N E II.

[To them] Angelica, with Jenny.

ANG. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings, in a morning.

SCAN. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But, when a lady comes tyrannically, to insult a ruin'd lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprizes me.

ANG. I don't like raillery from a serious face—pray, tell me what's the matter?

JER. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all; I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while?

ANG. How d'ye mean, mad?

JER. Why faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money; his head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body, that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

ANG. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable.

SCAN. She's concern'd, and loves him. [Aside.

ANG. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a man, I must own myself oblig'd to—pray tell me truth.

SCAN. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

ANG. [Aside.] I know not what to think—Yet, I shou'd be vex'd to have a trick put upon me——may I not see him?

SCAN. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet——Jeremy, go in and enquire.

S C E N E III.

Scandal, Angelica, Jenny.

ANG. Ha! I saw him wink and smile——I fancy 'tis a trick——I'll try——I wou'd disguise to all the world, a failing, which I must own to you——I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine; therefore, I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for——I cannot speak——But you may tell me; for you know what I would ask.

SCAN. So, this is pretty plain—Be not too much concern'd, madam; I hope his condition is not desperate: An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion occasion'd his distemper.

ANG. [Aside.] Say you so? Nay then I'm convinc'd. And, if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge—acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my power, nor inclination: And, if he can't be cur'd without I suck the poison from his wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his senses, till I lose mine.

SCAN. Hey, brave, woman, I faith——won't you see him then, if he desire it?

ANG. What signify a mad-man's desires? besides, 'twould make me uneasy——If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen——If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and, now the surprize is over, methinks I'm not half so sorry for him, as I was——

SCAN. So, faith, good nature works a-pace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

ANG. But I have consider'd, that passions are unreasonable; and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here—come, Jenny.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

81

SCENE IV.

Scandal, Jeremy.

SCAN. Humph——an admirable composition, faith, this same womankind.

JER. What, is she gone, sir?

SCAN. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her, if I see her; nor you neither.

JER. Good lack! what's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad, in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

SCAN. We are all under a mistake——ask no questions; for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father, than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness, into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear sir Sampson, you know your cue; I'll to your master.

SCENE V.

Jeremy, Sir Sampson Legend, with a Lawyer.

SIR SAMP. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper, signed with his own hand.

BUCK. Good, sir, and the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir SAMP. Ready, body o'me, he must be ready; his sham sickness sha'n't excuse him.—O, here's his scoundrel, firrah, where's your master?

JER. Ah, fir, he's quite gone.

Sir SAMP. Gone! what, he is not dead?

JER. No, fir, not dead.

Sir SAMP. What, is he gone out of town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? Speak, varlet.

JER. No, no, fir; he's safe enough, fir, an he were but as found, poor gentleman. He is indeed here, fir, and not here, fir.

Sir SAMP. Hey dey, rascal, do you banter me? firrah, d'ye banter me——Speak, firrah, where is he, for I will find him.

JER. Would you could, fir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, fir, I've almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, fir; I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, fir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir SAMP. A pox confound your similitudes, fir—speak to be understood, and tell me, in plain terms, what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull.

JER. Ah, you've hit it, fir; that's the matter with him, fir; his skull's crack'd, poor gentleman; he's stark mad, fir.

Sir SAMP. Mad!

BUCK. What, is he non compos?

JER. Quite non compos, fir.

BUCK. Why then, all's obliterated, fir Sampson; if he be non compos mentis, his act and deed will be of no effect, it is not good in law.

Sir SAMP. Oo'ns, I won't believe it; let me see him, fir——mad, I'll make him find his senses.

JER. Mr. Scandal is with him, sir, I'll knock at the door.
[Goes to the scene, which opens.

SCENE VI.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy and Lawyer,
[Valentine upon a couch, disorderly dress'd.]

Sir SAMP. How now, what's here to do.

VAL. Ha! Who's that? [starting.

SCAN. For heaven's sake softly, sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

VAL. Answer me; who is that? and that?

Sir SAMP. Gad's bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently—Val, Val, dost thou not know me, boy; not know thy own father, Val! I am thy own father, and this is honest Brief Buckram the lawyer.

VAL. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full—there are people that we do know, and people we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike—there are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange! but I am truth, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir SAMP. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

VAL. Why does that lawyer wear black?—does he carry his conscience o' th' out-side?—lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

BUCK. O lord, what must I say?—Yes, sir.

VAL. Thou liest; for I am truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of Westminster-Hall, the first day of every term—Let me see

—no matter how long—But I'll tell you one thing; 'tis a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if you should ask him, whether the bible saves more souls in Westminster-Abbey, or damns more in Westminster-Hall: For my part, I am truth, and can't tell, I have very few acquaintance.

Sir SAMP. Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness—has he no intervals?

JER. Very short, sir.

BUCK. Sir, I can do you no service, while he's in this condition: Here's your paper, sir,—he may do me a mischief, if I stay—the conveyance is ready, sir, if he recover his senses.

SCENE VII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Sir SAMP. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

SCAN. You'd better let him go, sir, and send for him, if there be occasion; for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

VAL. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about, without going together by the ears.—
heigh ho! what a clock is't? My father here! Your blessing, sir?

Sir SAMP. He recovers—bless thee, Val.—how dost thou do, boy?

VAL. Thank you, sir, pretty well—I have been a little out of order; won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir SAMP. Ay, boy—come, thou shalt sit down by me.

VAL. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.—

Sir SAMP. No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest Val: How dost thou do? Let me feel thy pulse——Oh, pretty well now, Val: Body o' me, I was sorry to see the indisposed: But I'm glad thou'rt better, honest Val.

VAL. I thank you, sir.

SCAN. Miracle! the monster grows loving. [Aside.

Sir SAMP. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake——I believe thou can't write, Val: Ha, boy; thou can't write thy name, Val——Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram, bid him make haste, back with the conveyance——quick——quick.— [He whispers to Jeremy.

SCENE VIII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal.

SCAN. [Aside.] That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse.

Sir SAMP. Do'st thou know this paper, Val. I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform articles.

[Shews him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.]

VAL. Pray let me see it, sir: You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir SAMP. See it, boy; Ay, ay; why, thou do'st see it——'tis thy own hand, Vally: Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here, [Reads.] 'The Condition of this obligation'——Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins——And then at the bottom.—'As witness my hand, VALENTINE LEGEND,' in great letters, why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face: What, are my eyes

better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—
let me see.

[Stretches his arm as far as he can.]

VAL. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir SAMP. Let thee hold it, say'st thou—Ay, with all my heart—What matter is it who holds it? what need any body hold it? I'll put it in my pocket, Val; and then nobody need hold it [puts the paper in his pocket.] There, Val, it's safe enough, boy—But thou shalt have it, as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Jeremy, with Buckram.

VAL. What, is my bad genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the lawyer, with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratch'd—My nails are not long enough, let me have a pair of red hot tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

BUCK. O lord, let me be gone: I'll not venture myself with a madman.

SCENE X.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

VAL. Ha, ha, ha: You need not run so fast, honesty will not overtake you—Ha, ha, ha, the rogue found me out to be in forma pauperis presently.

Sir SAMP. Oo'ns! what a vexation is here? I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

VAL. Who's that, that's out of his way?—I am truth, and can set him right—Hearkee, friend, the strait road is the worst way you can go; he, that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a flink, probatum est. But what are you for? religion or politics? There's a couple of topics for you, no more like one another, than oil and vinegar; and yet these two, beaten together by a state cook, may make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir SAMP. What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? Why did I ever marry?

VAL. Because thou wert a monster, old boy—The two greatest monsters in the world are a man and a woman; What's thy opinion?

Sir SAMP. Why, my opinion is, that those two monsters join'd together, make yet a greater; that's a man and his wife.

VAL. A ha, old Truepenny, say'st thou so? Thou hast nick'd it—But it's wonderful strange, Jeremy.

JER. What is, fir.

VAL. That grey hairs thou'd cover a green head—and I make a fool of my father. What's here? Erra pater: Or a bearded Sybil? If prophecy comes, truth must give place.

S C E N E XI.

Sir Sampson, Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail.

FOUR. What says he? What, did he prophesy? Ha, Sir Sampson, bless us! How are we?

Sir SAMP. Are we! A pox o' your prognostication——Why, we are fools, as we use to be——Oo'ns, that you cou'd not foresee that the moon wou'd predominate, and my son be mad.——Where's your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates?——What did your Cardan and your Ptolemy tell you? Your Messalah, and your Longomontanus; your harmony of chiromancy with astrology. Ah! pox on't, that I, that know the world, and men, and manners, that don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacs, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omens-hunter, and defer business, in expectation of a lucky hour; when, body o' me, there never was a lucky hour, after the first opportunity.

S C E N E XII.

Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail.

FORE. Sir Sampson, heav'n help your head——This is none of your lucky hour; Nemo omnibus horis sapit. What, is he gone, and in contempt of science! Ill stars, and unconvertible ignorance, attend him.

SCAN. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vexed——his son is non compos mentis, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

FORE. Ha; say you so?

Mrs. FRAIL. What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope then?

[Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. FORE. Oh, sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. FRAIL. Do with him! send him to sea again in the next foul weather—He's us'd to an inconstant element, and won't be surpriz'd to see the tide turn'd.

FORE. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[Considers.]

SCAN. Madam, you and I can tell him something else, that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune. [Aside to Mrs. Foresight,

Mrs. FORE. What do you mean? I don't understand you:

SCAN. Hush, softly—the pleasures of last night, my dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. FORE. Last night! and what wou'd your impudence infer from last night? Last night was like the night before, I think.

SCAN. 'Sdeath, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

Mrs. FORE. Not much—he's superstitious, and you are mad, in my opinion.

SCAN. You make me mad—You are not serious—Pray recollect yourself.

Mrs. FORE. O, yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent—and would have come to bed to me.

SCAN. And did not?

Mrs. FORE. Did not? With what face can you ask the question?

SCAN. This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told, she had that admirable quality of forgetting, to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night; and denying, that she had done favours, with more

impudence than he cou'd grant 'em.—Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you.—You look pretty well, Mr. Foresight: How did you rest last night?

FORE. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams, and distracted visions, that I remember little.

SCAN. 'Twas a very forgetting night. But would you not talk with Valentine? perhaps you may understand him: I'm apt to believe, there's something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

FORE. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal, truly.—I am inclining to your Turkish opinion in this matter; and do reverence a man, whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. FRAIL. Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. O my conscience here he comes.

SCENE XIII

Mrs. Frail, Ben.

BEN. All mad, I think.—Flesh, I believe all the Calentures of the sea are come a-shore, for my part.

Mrs. FRAIL. Mr. Benjamin, in choler!

BEN. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you.

Mrs. FRAIL. I've had such a hurricane upon your account yonder.

Mrs. FRAIL. My account! pray, what's the matter?

BEN. Why, father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry—

So, he ask'd, what was the matter——He ask'd in a surly sort of a way——[it seems brother Val is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion : But what did I know that, what's that to me?] So, he ask'd, in a surly sort of manner—and, Gad, I answer'd 'n as surlily——What, tho'f he be my father, I a'nt bound prentice to 'en——so, faith, I told 'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him ; and for the young woman he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pics, than to look after a husband ; for my part, I was none of her man——I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. FRAIL. So then you intend to go to sea again ?

BEN. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you——but I would not tell him so much——So he said he'd make my heart ache ; and, if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself : Gad, says I, an you play the fool, and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching, than my heart——He was woundy angry, when I gav'n that wipe.——He hadn't a word to say, and so I left 'n, and the green girl together ; may-hap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my heart.

Mrs. FRAIL. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father.

BEN. Then why was he graceless first——If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so ? I did not get myself.

Mrs. FRAIL. O impiety ! How have I been mistaken ! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon ? O, I am happy to have discover'd the shelves and quicksands, that lurk beneath that faithless, smiling face.

BEN. Hey tofs ! What's the matter now ? Why, you ben't angry, be you ?

Mrs. FRAIL. O, see me no more ;——for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds ; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

BEN. O lord ! O lord ! She's mad, poor young woman ; love has turn'd her senses, her brain is quite overfet. Well-a-day, how shall I do, to set her to rights.

Mrs. FRAIL. No, no ; I am not mad, monfter, I am wise enough to find you out——Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper ? You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife ? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.—

BEN. Hearkee, forsooth ; if so be, that you are in your right senses, d'ye see ; for ought, as I perceive, I'm like to be finely fobb'd——If I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tack'd about already——What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging ; what, would you sheer off so, would you, and leave me aground ?

Mrs. FRAIL. No, I leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

BEN. What, are you false-hearted, then ?

Mrs. FRAIL. Only the wind's chang'd.

BEN. More shame for you——the wind's chang'd ? It's an ill wind blows nobody good——may-hap, I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks. What d'ye mean all this while, to make a fool of me ?

Mrs. FRAIL. Any fool, but a husband.

BEN. Husband! Gad, I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind, tho'f you had your weight in gold and jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never so well.

Mrs. FRAIL. Why, canst thou love, porpus?

BEN. No matter what I can do! don't call names——
I don't love you so well, as to bear that, whatever I did——
I'm glad you show yourself, mistress:——Let them marry you, as don't know you:——Gad, I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe, he that marries you, will go to sea in a hen-peck'd frigate——I believe that, young woman——and, may-hap, may come to an anchor at Cuckold's-point; so, there's a dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap, you may holla after me, when I won't come to.

Mrs. FRAIL. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't.

My true love is gone to sea.—— [Sings.

S C E N E XIV.

Mrs. Frail, and Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. FRAIL. O sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover—Honest Tar and I are parted;——and with the same indifference, that we met:——O'my life, I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a brute, that I despis'd.

Mrs. FORE. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. FRAIL. Most tyrannically——for you see he has got the start of me; and I, the poor, forsaken maid, am left complaining on the shore. But, I'll tell you a hint, that he has given me; sir Sampson is enrag'd, and talks desperately.

of committing matrimony himself.—If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually, than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. FORE. O hang him, old fox, he's too cunning; besides, he hates both you and me.—But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with Jeremy, Valentine's man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. FRAIL. Sell him! how?

Mrs. FORE. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took me for her; and, Jeremy says, will take any body for her, that he imposes on him.—Now, I have promis'd him mountains; if, in one of his mad fits, he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together, and put to bed together; and, after consummation, girl, there's no revoking. And, if he should recover his senses, he'll be glad, at least, to make you a good settlement.—Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me, how you like the design.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail, Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

SCAN. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? [To Jeremy.

JER. Yes, sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for Angelica.

SCAN. It may make us sport.

FORE. Mercy on us!

VAL. Hush!—interrupt me not.—I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy;—I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick;—I have told thee what's past,——now I'll tell thee what's to come.—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow?—Answer me not,——for I will tell thee, to-morrow, knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt, in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow?

SCAR. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

FORE. Pray, what will be done at court?

VAL. Scandal will tell you.—I am truth, I never come there.

FORE. In the city?

VAL. Ob, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buzz in the exchange at two. Wives and husbands will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stragmen. And the cropt prentice, that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things, that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives, with their legs at liberty; and tame cockolds, with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you, before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

FORE. I am married.

VAL. Poor creature, is your wife the Covent-Garden paragon?

FOR. No; St. Martin's in the fields.

VAL. Alas, poor man; his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivell'd; his legs dwindled, and his back bow'd; pray, pray for a metamorphosis—Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee Medea's kettle, and be boil'd anew; come forth, with lab'ring Callous hands, a chine of steel, and Atlas's shoulders. Let Talliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha, that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet, ha, ha, ha.

FOR. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

SCAN. I believe it is a Ypring-tide.

FOR. Very likely, truly: You understand these matters—Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things, which he has utter'd—His sayings are very mysterious, and hieroglyphical.

VAL. Oh, why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

JER. She's here, fir.

Mrs. FOR. Now, sister.

Mrs. FRATE. O Lord, what must I say?

SCAN. Humour him, madam, by all means.

VAL. Where is she? Oh I see her—she comes, like riches, health, and liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd wretch.—Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. FRATE. How d'ye, fir? can I serve you?

VAL. Harkce;—I have a secret to tell you—Endymion and the Moon shall meet us upon mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy.

water, that he may fold his ogling tail, and Argus' hundred eyes be shut, ha? Nobody shall know, but Jeremy.

Mrs. FRAIL. No, no, we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

VAL. The sooner the better. — Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may over-hear us; — Jeremy, I can tell you news; — Angelica is turn'd nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another, in spite of the pope — Get me a cowl and beads; that I may play my part — for she'll meet me two hours hence, in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces, 'till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all.

SCENE XVI.

[To them] Tattle and Angelica.

JER. I'll take care, and —

VAL. Whisper.

ANG. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me, you spoil my design, for I intend to make you my confident.

TAT. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune, on a madman!

ANG. I never lov'd him, till he was mad; but don't tell any body so.

SCAN. How's this! Tattle making love to Angelica!

TAT. Tell, madam! alas, you don't know me — I have much ado to tell your ladyship, how long I have been in love with you — but, encourag'd by the impossibility of

Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There, you see the ruins of a poor decay'd creature—Here, a complete lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam; and, to all this, the most passionate lover.—

ANG. O, fie for shame, hold your tongue, a passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

VAL. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Mrs. FRAIL. O Lord, her coming will spoil all.

[To Jeremy.

JER. No, no, madam, he won't know her; if he shou'd, I can persuade him.

VAL. Scandal, who are these? foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think—Get away all the company but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her.

[Whispers.

SCAN. I will—I have discover'd something of Tattle, that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica, if we could contrive to couple 'em together—hark'ee—

[Whispers.

Mrs. FORE. He won't know you, cousin, he knows nobody.

FORE. But he knows more than any body—Oh, niece, he knows things past, and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

TAT. Look you, Mr. Foresight, it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I sha'n't say much—but, in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pound now, that I know more secrets than he.

FORE. How ! I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle—pray what do you know ?

TAT. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, fir ! read it in my face ? no, fir, 'tis written in my heart, and safer there, fir, than letters writ in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, fir.

VAL. Acquaint Jeremy with it, he may easily bring it about—they are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so myself. [To Scandal.] What, do you look strange upon me ? then I must be plain. [Coming up to them.] I am truth, and hate an old acquaintance, with a new face.

[Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.]

TAT. Do you know me, Valentine ?

VAL. You ? who are you ? No, I hope not.

TAT. I'm Jack Tattle, your friend.

VAL. My friend, what to do ? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife : I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me : Then, what employment have I for a friend ?

TAT. Ha ! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

ANG. Do you know me, Valentine ?

VAL. Oh, very well.

ANG. Who am I ?

VAL. You're a woman,—one, to whom heav'n gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heav'n in a pond, and he, that leaps at you, is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born ; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you ; for I lov'd a woman, and lov'd her so long, that I found out a strange thing : I found out what a woman was good for.

TAT. Ay; prithee what's that?

VAL. Why, to keep a secret.

TAT. O lord!

VAL. O, exceeding good, to keep a secret; for tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd.

TAT. Hah! good again, faith.

VAL. I would have music—sing me the song that I like—

S O N G.

Set by Mr. FINGER.

I.

I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,

And could, again, begin to love and live,

To you I should my earliest off'ring give;

I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,

And I should all my vows and oaths renew;

But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak, and weary truth, I find,

Love hates to centre in a point assign'd,

But runs with joy the circle of the mind.

Then never let us chain, what should be free,

But for relief of either sex agree,

Since women love to change, and so do we.

No more, for I am melancholy.

[Walks musing.

JER. I'll do't, fir.

[To Scandal.

SCAN. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

FORE. I will be directed by you.

JER. [To Frail.] You'll meet, madam; I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. FRAIL. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, have what thou will, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

TAT. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [To Angelica.

ANG. No, I'll stay with him——Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

TAT. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that——madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. FORE. Mr. Tattle might have us'd less ceremony.

S C E N E XVII.

Angelica, Valentine, Scandal.

SCAN. Jeremy, follow Tattle.

ANG. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

SCAN. Madam, I am very glad, that I over-heard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. Tattle; for his impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindness for Valentine, which you deny'd to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So, I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

ANG. O heavens! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

SCAN. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy.

S C E N E XVIII.

Angelica, Valentine.

VAL. Madam; you need not be very much afraid; for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

ANG. Ay, but, if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [Aside.]

VAL. You see what disguises love makes us put on; gods have been in counterfeit shapes, for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this mask of madness, and this motly livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

ANG. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor Valentine!

VAL. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart—the comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and, since you have lov'd me, you must own I have at length deserv'd, you should confess it.

ANG. [Sighs.] I would I had lov'd you—for heaven knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven; but that's too late. [Sighs.]

VAL. What bad effects?—what's too late? My seeming madness has deceiv'd my father, and procur'd me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which, otherwise, by articles I must this morning have resign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to-day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

103

ANG. How! I thought your love of me had caus'd this transport in your soul; which, it seems, you only counterfeited for mercenary ends, and sordid interest.

VAL. Nay, now you do me wrong; for, if any interest was considered, it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

ANG. Then, you thought me mercenary——but how am I deluded, by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman?

VAL. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

SCENE XIX.

[To them] Jeremy.

ANG. Oh, here's a reasonable creature——sure he will not have the impudence to persevere——come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

JER. Counterfeit, madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in Bethlehem; nay he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chymist, lover, or poet in Europe.

VAL. Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

ANG. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

JER. O lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it?

VAL. Sot, can't you apprehend?

ANG. Why, he talk'd very sensibly just now.

JER. Yes, madam; he has intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

VAL. Why, you thick-skull'd rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [Beats him.

ANG. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad or no, Jeremy?

JER. Partly, I think—for he does not know his own mind two hours—I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad, and I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there? [One knocks.

VAL. Go see, you sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, tho' not your compassion.

ANG. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptions: But madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound understanding; as drunken men do, by over-acting sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender part: But now you have restor'd me to my former opinion, and compassion.

JER. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet—Will you please to be mad, fir, or how?

VAL. Stupidity! You know the penalty of all I'm worth, must pay for the confession of my senses: I'm mad, and will be mad to every body but this lady.

JER. So—just the very backside of truth—but lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation—madam, your ladyship's woman.

[Goes to the door.

SCENE XX.

Valentine, Angelica, Jenny.

ANG. Well, have you been there?—Come hither.

JENNY. Yes, madam, fir Sampson will wait on you presently. [Aside to Angelica.

VAL. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

ANG. Wou'd any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces: But I'll tell you two things, before I leave you; I am not the fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

S C E N E XXI.

Valentine, Jeremy.

VAL. From a riddle, you can expect nothing but a riddle, there's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

JER. What, is the lady gone again, fir; I hope you understood one another before she went.

VAL. Understood! she is harder to be understood than a piece of Ægyptian antiquity, or an Irish manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

JER. I have heard 'em say, fir, they read hard Hebrew books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

VAL. They say so of a witch's prayer, and dreams, and Dutch almanacs are to be understood by contraries. But there's regularity and method in that; she is a medal without

a reverse or inscription ; for indifference has both sides alike. Yet, while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her, if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satyrical friend Scandal, who says,

That women are like tricks, by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room in Foresight's house.

Enter Angelica and Jenhy.

ANG. Where is fir Sampson? did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

JEN. He's at the great glass, in the dining-room, madam, settling his cravat and wig.

ANG. How! I'm glad on't——if he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

JEN. I hear him, madam.

ANG. Leave me; and, d'ye hear, if Valentine should come or send, I'm not to be spoken with.

SCENE II.

Angelica, Sir Sampson.

Sir SAMP. I have not been honour'd with the commands of a fair lady, a great while——od, madam, you have reviv'd me——Not since I was five and thirty.

ANG. Why you have no great reason to complain, fir Sampson ; that is not long ago.

Sir SAMP. Zooks, but it is, madam,* a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman, as much as I do.

ANG. You're an absolute courtier, fir Sampson.

Sir SAMP. Not at all, madam : Odsbud, you wrong me ; I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words : Od, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way——come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth, you do——come, don't despise fifty ; od, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

ANG. Fifty a contemptible age ! not at all, a very fashionable age, I think——I assure you, I know very considerable beaus, that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty ! I have seen fifty, in a side-box by candle-light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir SAMP. Outsides, outsides ; a pize take 'em, meer outsides : Hang your side-box beaus ; no, I'm none of those, none of your forc'd trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud, when they should bring forth fruit : I'm of a long-liv'd race, and inherit vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty ; yet they begot sons and daughters, till fourscore :

I am of your patriarchs, I am a branch of one of your Antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away : Well, madam, what are your commands ? has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat ? or——

ANG. No, fir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands——I have more occasion for your conduct, than courage, at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir SAMP. Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should——od, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young rogues : Od, wou'd she wou'd ; Faith and troth, she's devilish handsome. [Aside.] Madam, you deserve a good husband, and t'were a pity you shou'd be thrown away on any of these young, idle rogues about the town. Od, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging——that is a very young fellow——pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing ; and, if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder, out of a frolic ; and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the law, the next morning——Odso, have a care, madam.

ANG. Therefore, I ask your advice, fir Sampson : I have fortune enough to make any man easy, that I can like ; if there was such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of goodnature and sense——for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir SAMP. Od, you are hard to please, madam ; to find a young fellow, that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly ; for I hate both a wit, and a fool.

ANG. She that marries a fool, fir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty, and understanding : And she, that marries a very witty man, is a slave to the severity, and

insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover; because I would have such an one in my power: But I would no more be his wife, than his enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his jealousy is of his love.

Sir SAMP. None of old Foresight's sibyls ever utter'd such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart: I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful lad, till he learn'd to be a wit—And might have risen in the state—But, a pox on't, his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

ANG. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir SAMP. How, madam! wou'd I cou'd prove it.

ANG. I can tell you how that may be done—But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your affairs.

Sir SAMP. Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[Aside.]
——Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture; that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty, and merit——If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim, to be offer'd at the shrine of your beauty.

ANG. Bless me, sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir SAMP. Od, madam, I love you—And, if you would take my advice in a husband——

ANG. Hold, hold, sir Sampson, I ask'd your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to

170 LOVE FOR LOVE.

satisfy you about Valentine: For, if a match were seemingly carry'd on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness; in apprehension of losing me: For, you know, he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir SAMP. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—— if we were to go thro' with it. But, why must the match only be seemingly carried on?——Od, let it be a real contract,

ANG. O fie, fir Sampson, what would the world say?

Sir SAMP. Say, they would say, you were a wife woman, and I a happy man. Od, madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

ANG. Ay, but that is not in your power, fir Sampson; for, when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir SAMP. Od, you're a cunning wary baggage! Faith, and troth, I like you the better——But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation, in favour of myself——Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

ANG. Will you? well, do you find the estate, and leave t'other to me.——

Sir SAMP. O rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

ANG. Let me consult my lawyer, concerning this obligation; and, if I find what you propose practicable, I will give you my answer.

Sir SAMP. With all my heart;——Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond——You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson: Odzooks, I'm a young

man: Odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear
 ——Od, you're devilish handsome: Faith and troth,
 you're very handsome, and I am very young and very lusty
 ——Odsbud, huffy, you know how to chuse, and so do I;
 ——Od, I think we're very well met;—Give me your hand,
 od, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what?
 ——Od, as t'other hand——Give me t'other hand, and I'll
 mumble 'em, and kiss 'em, till they melt in my mouth.

ANG. Hold, fir Sampson——You're profuse of your
 vigour before your time: You'll spend your estate before you
 come to it.

Sir SAMP. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my
 possessions——Ah! Baggage——I warrant you for little
 Sampson: Od, Sampson's a very good name for an able
 fellow: Your Sampsons were strong dogs from the be-
 ginning.

ANG. Have a care, and don't over-act your part——If
 you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pull'd
 an old house over his head at last.

Sir SAMP. Say you so, huffy?——come, let's go then;
 Od, I long to be pulling down too, come away;——Odsfo,
 here's somebody coming.

S C E N E III.

Tattle and Jeremy.

TAT. Is not that she gone out just now?

JER. Ay, fir, she's just going to the place of appoint-
 ment. Ah, fir, if you are not very faithful and close in
 this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person;

that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

TAT. Ay, who's that?

JER. Ev'n my unworthy self, sir—Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while;—And now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

TAT. I'll make thy fortune; say no more—thou'rt a pretty fellow, and can'st carry a message to a lady in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

JER. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head—I have been at Cambridge.

TAT. Ay; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university: But the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

JER. O sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of Nilus.

TAT. Ay! Who's he, tho'? A privy-councillor?

JER. O ignorance! [Aside] A cunning Egyptian, sir, that with his arms would over-run the country, yet nobody could ever find out his head quarters.

TAT. Close dog! A good whoremaster, I warrant him—the time draws nigh, Jeremy. Angelica will be veil'd like a nun; and I must be hooded like a friar; ha, Jeremy?

JER. Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to

LOVE FOR LOVE. 113

be so dress'd; and, she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a madman, and so accomplish'd a gentleman.

TAT. Ay, faith, so she will, Jeremy: You're a good friend to her, poor creature—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself, as compassion to her.

JER. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman, with thirty thousand pound, from throwing herself away.

TAT. So 'tis, faith—I might have sav'd several others in my time; but I'gad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

JER. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

TAT. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit;—I'll be ready for you.

S C E N E IV.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

MISS. O Mr. Tattle, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tir'd as any thing in the world.

TAT. O pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish girl?

[Aside.

MISS. O I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—I must not marry the seaman, now——my father says so.

Why, won't you be my husband? you say you love me, and you won't be my husband: And I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

TAT. O fie, Miss, who told you so, child?

MISS. Why, my father——I told him that you lov'd me.

TAT. O fie, Miss, why did you do so? and who told you so, child?

MISS. Who? why you did; did not you?

TAT. O pox, that was yesterday, Miss, that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

MISS. Pshaw, O but I dreamt that it was so tho'.

TAT. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child——O fie; what, we must not love one another now——Pshaw, that wou'd be a foolish thing indeed——Fie, fie, you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night——No, no; to marry, is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

MISS. Well, but don't you love me, as well as you did last night then?

TAT. No, no, child, you wou'd not have me.

MISS. No? Yes but I wou'd tho'.

TAT. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not——You forget you're a woman, and don't know your own mind.

MISS. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

SCENE V.

[To them] Foresight.

FORE. O, Mr. Tattle, your servant, you are a close man; but, methinks, your love to my daughter was a secret, I might have been trusted with——Or, had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art——hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

TAT. And so you won'd infer, that you and I are alike——What does the old prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [Aside.] I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

FORE. How? What? A wrong notion! How so?

TAT. In the way of art: I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes; that are indications of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives; and promise a great beauty, and great fortune, reserv'd alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity; from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

FORE. How! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

TAT. Sir, I beg your pardon. I'm in haste——

FORE. For what?

TAT. To be married, sir, married.

FORE. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

TAT. No, sir, 'tis to be done privately——I never make confidants.

FORE. Well; but my consent, I mean—You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

TAT. Who I, sir? I'm an absolute stranger to you, and your daughter, sir.

FORE. Hey-dey! What time of the moon is this?

TAT. Very true, sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you; and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and sha'n't know, and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. And I'm going to be marry'd just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago, and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a mystery for you. I know, that you love to untie difficulties—or, if you can't solve this, stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE VI.

Forefight, Miss Prue.

MISS. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him be my husband.

FORE. Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, child, stark wild!

MISS. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child, as long as she's an old woman? Indeed but I won't: For, now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other. Oh! methinks I'm sick when I think of a man;

and, if I can't have one, I would go to sleep all my life: For, when I'm awake, it makes me wish and long, and I don't know for what—and I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with thinking.

FORE. O fearful! I think the girl is influenc'd too.—Huffy, you shall have a rod.

MISS. A fiddle of a rod, I'll have a husband; and, if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself. I'll marry our Robin the butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband: I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[To them] Scandal, Mrs. Foresight, and Nurse.

FORE. Did he so—I'll dispatch him for't presently; rogue! Oh nurse, come hither.

NURSE. What's your worship's pleasure?

FORE. Here, take your young mistress, and lock her up presently; till farther orders from me—Not a word, huffy, —do what I bid you, no reply, away, and bid Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and linen, d'ye hear. Be gone, when I bid you.

Mrs. FORE. What's the matter, husband?

FORE. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—Mr. Scandal, heaven keep us all in our senses—I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does Valentine?

SCAN. O, I hope he'll do well again—I have a message from him to your niece Angelica.

FORE. I think she's not return'd, since she went abroad with sir Sampson. Nurse, why are you not gone?

S C E N E VIII.

Forefight, Scandal, Mrs. Forefight, Ben.

Mrs. FORE. Here's Mr. Benjamin, he can tell us if his father be come home.

BEN. Who? father; ay, he's come home, with a vengeance.

Mrs. FORE. Why, what's the matter?

BEN. Matter? why he's mad.

FORE. Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

BEN. And there's the handsome young woman; she, as they say, brother Val went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

FORE. O my poor niece, my poor niece, is she gone mad too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. FORE. Well, but how mad, how d'ye mean?

BEN. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to Antegoa—No, hold, I mayn't say so neither—But I'll sail as far as Leghorn, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mefs, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. FORE. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

BEN. Why, then, I'll tell you. There's a new wedding upon the stocks; and they two are going to be married to-night.

SCAN. Who?

BEN. Why father, and—the young woman, I can't hit of her name.

SCAN. Angelica?

BEN. Ay, the same.

Mrs. FORE. Sir Sampson and Angelica? Impossible!

BEN. That may be—but I'm sure it's as I tell you.

SCAN. 'Sdeath, it's a jest, I can't believe it.

BEN. Look you, friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it, or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are either married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

FORE. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatic.

BEN. I don't know, what you may call madness—But she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a match together.—Here they come.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Sir Sampson, Angelica, Buckram.

Sir SAMP. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect? A ha, old Foresight. Uncle Foresight, wish me joy, uncle Foresight, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your Ephemeris—The brightest star in the blue firmament—is shot from above, in a jelly of love, and so forth; and I'm lord of the ascendant; Od, you're an old fellow, Foresight, uncle, I mean, a very old fellow, uncle Foresight; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and

troth, you shall. Od, we'll have the music of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a dance in Via Lactea.

FORE. I'm thunder-struck! You are not married to my niece?

Sir SAMP. Not absolutely married, uncle; but very near near it, within a kifs of the matter, as you see.

[Kisses Angelica.

ANG. 'Tis very true indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir SAMP. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes—
Body o' me, he shall be thy father, I'll make him thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, and I'll make thee a mother, and we'll beget sons and daughters enough to put the Weekly Bills out of countenance.

SCAN. Death and hell! where's Valentine?

S C E N E X.

Sir Sampson, Angelica, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Ben, Buckram.

Mrs. FORE. This is so surprizing—

Sir SAMP. How! What does my aunt say? Surprizing, aunt? Not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter? Not at all—It's a plot to undermine cold weather; and destroy that usurper of a bed, call'd a warming-pan.

Mrs. FORE. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, sir Sampson.

BEN. Mefſ, I fear his fire's little better than tinder; mayhap it will only ſerve to light up a match for ſomebody elſe. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it: But, father, if I might be your pilot in this caſe, you ſhould not marry her. It's juſt the ſame thing, as if ſo be you ſhould fail ſo far as the Straights, without proviſion.

Sir SAMP. Who gave you authority to ſpeak, ſirrah? To your element, fiſh; be mute, fiſh, and to ſea; rule your helm, ſirrah, don't direct me.

BEN. Well, well, take you care of your own helm, or you mayn't keep your new veſſel ſteady.

Sir SAMP. Why, you impudent tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your forecaſtle jeſts upon your father? But I ſhall be even with you, I won't give you a groat. Mr. Buckram, is the conveyance ſo worded, that nothing can poſſibly deſcend to this ſcoundrel? I wou'd not ſo much as have him have the proſpect of an eſtate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the North-eaſt paſſage.

BUCK. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the leaſt cranny of the law unſtopt.

BEN. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unſtopt in your conſcience——If ſo be that one had a pump to your boſom, I believe we ſhould diſcover a foul hold. They ſay a witch will fail in a ſieve——But I believe the devil wou'd not venture aboard o' your conſcience. And that's for you.

Sir SAMP. Hold your tongue, ſirrah. How now, who's here?

SCENE XI.

[To them] Tattle and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. FRAIL. O, sister, the most unlucky accident!

Mrs. FORE. What's the matter?

TAT. Oh, the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are.

Mrs. FORE. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. FRAIL. Ah, Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I, are——I can't speak it out.

TAT. Nor I——but poor Mrs. Frail and I are——

Mrs. FRAIL. Married!

Mrs. FORE. Married! How?

TAT. Suddenly——before we knew where we were——that villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, trick'd us into one another.

FORE. Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

ANG. But I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favour to me, I thank him.

TAT. I did, as I hope to be sav'd, madam, my intentions were good——but this is the most cruel thing, to marry, one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore——The devil take me, if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my life.

ANG. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

TAT. The least in the world——that is for my part, I speak for my myself: Gad, I never had the least thought of

serious kindness—I never lik'd any body less in my life. Poor woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither, but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a life.

Mrs. FORE. He's better than no husband at all——
tho' he's a coxcomb. [To Frail.

Mrs. FRAIL. [to her] Ay, ay, it's well 'tis no worse—
nay, for my part, I always despis'd Mr. Tattle of all things;
nothing, but his being my husband, could have made me
like him less.

TAT. Look you there, I thought as much——pox on't,
I wish we could keep it secret; why, I don't believe any of
this company would speak of it.

Mrs. FRAIL. But, my dear, that's impossible; the
parson, and that rogue Jeremy, will publish it.

TAT. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

ANG. O, you'll agree very well in a little time; custom
will make it easy to you.

TAT. Easy! pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep
to-night.

Sir SAMP. Sleep, quotha! no, why you would not sleep
o' your wedding-night? I'm an older fellow than you, and
don't mean to sleep.

BEN. Why, there's another match now, as tho' a couple
of privateers were looting for a prize, and should fall foul
of one another. I'm sorry for the young man, with all my
heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's
going, for that you must expect, I have experience of her,
when she's going, let her go. For no matrimony is tough
enough to hold her, and, if she can't drag her anchor along
with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that. Who's
here? the madman?

SCENE The Last.

Valentine, Scandal, Sir Sampson, Angelica, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Tattle, Mrs. Frail, Ben, Jeremy, Buckram.

VAL. No, here's the fool ; and, if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir SAMP. How now ?

VAL. Sir, I am come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir SAMP. What, have you found your senses at last then ? In good time, sir.

VAL. You were abus'd, sir ; I never was distracted.

FORE. How ! not mad, Mr. Scandal !

SCAN. No, really, sir ; I am his witness, it was all counterfeit.

VAL I thought I had reasons——but it was a poor contrivance ; the effect has shewn it such.

Sir SAMP. Contrivance ! what, to cheat me ? to cheat your father, firrah ; how could you hope to prosper ?

VAL. Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavour'd to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir SAMP. Very good, 'fir,——Mr. Buckram, are you ready ?——come, sir, will you sign and seal ?

VAL. If you please, sir ; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir SAMP. Sir, you must ask me leave first ; that lady ? No, sir ; you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have ask'd her blessing, sir ; that lady is to be my wife.

VAL. I have heard as much, fir; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir SAMP. That's as much as to say, I lie, fir, and you don't believe what I say.

VAL. Pardon me, fir. But I reflect, that I very lately counterfeited madness; I don't know but the frolic may go round.

Sir SAMP. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him;—come, come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink.

BUCK. Here it is, fir, with the deed; all is ready.

[Val. goes to Ang.

ANG. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours.

Sir SAMP. Are you answer'd now, fir?

VAL. Yes, fir.

Sir SAMP. Where's your plot, fir? and your contrivance now, fir? will you sign, fir? come, will you sign and seal?

VAL. With all my heart, fir.

SCAN. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourself.

VAL. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he, that loses hope, may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure, and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find at last, that nothing but my ruin can effect it, which, for that reason, I will sign to. Give me the paper.

ANG. Generous Valentine!

[Aside.

BUCK. Here is the deed, fir.

VAL. But where is the bond, by which, I am obliged to sign to this?

BUCK. Sir Sampson, you have it.

ANG. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to Valentine. [Tears the paper.

Sir SAMP. How now!

VAL. Ha!

ANG. Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion: Here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue. [To Val.

VAL. Between pleasure and amazement I am lost. But on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir SAMP. Oons, what is the meaning of this?

BEN. Mefs, here's the wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now.

ANG. Well, Sir Sampson, since I have play'd you a trick, I'll advise you, how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always lov'd your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more faults, than he has virtues; and 'tis hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

VAL. If my happiness could receive addition, this kind surprize would make it double.

Sir SAMP. 'Oons, you're a crocodile.

FORE. Really, Sir Sampson, this is a sudden eclipse—

Sir SAMP. You're an illiterate old fool, and I am another, and the stars are liars; and, if I had breath enough, I'd curse them, and you, myself, and every body—'Oons,

cully'd, bubb'd, jilted, woman-bobb'd at last ; I have not patience.

TAT. If the gentleman is in this disorder, for want of a wife, I can spare him mine. Oh, are you there, sir ? I'm indebted to you for my happiness. [To Jer.

JER. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons, 'twas an arrant mistake—you see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it—then, how could it be otherwise ?

VAL. Tattle, I thank you : you would have interposed between me and heav'n, but providence laid purgatory in your way—you have but justice.

SCAN. I hear the fiddles, that sir Sampson provided for his own wedding ; methinks 'tis pity they should not be employed, when the match is so much mended. Valentine, tho' it be morning, we may have a dance.

VAL. Any thing, my friend, every thing that looks like joy and transport.

SCAN. Call 'em, Jeremy.

ANG. I have done dissembling now, Valentine ; and, if that coldness, which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

VAL. I'll prevent that suspicion—for I intend to doat on you to that immoderate rate, that your fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

ANG. Have a care of promises. You know you are apt to run more in debt, than you are able to pay.

VAL. Therefore, I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

SCAN. The music stays for you.

[Dance.

SCAN. Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: But, there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me — for now I'm convinc'd, that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those, who do not merit, or who do not want, 'em.

ANG. This is an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our sex: You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love, but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith: How few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

The miracle to day is, That we find
A lover true: Not that a woman's kind.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House,

BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

SURE, providence at first design'd this place
To be the player's refuge in distress;
For still, in every storm, they all run hither,
As to a shed, that shields 'em from the weather.
But thinking of this change, which last beset us,
It's like what I have heard our poets tell us:
For, when behind our scenes their suits are pleading,
To help their love, sometimes they show their reading;
And, wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,
They top their learning on us, and their parts.
Once, of philosophers, they told us stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd --Py--Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin Name, they give 'em,
And we, who know no better, must believe 'em.
Now to these men (say they) such souls were giv'n,
That, after death, ne'er went to hell nor heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in beasts; and then,
When many years were past, in men again.
Methinks, we play'rs resemble such a soul;
That does from bodies, we from houses strole.
Thus Aristotle's soul, of old that was,
May now be damn'd, to animate an ass;
Or, in this very house, for ought we know,
Is doing painful penance in some beau:
And thus, our audience, which did once resort
To shining theatres, to see our sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.

}

E P I L O G U E.

These walls, but t'other day, were fill'd with noise
Of roaring gamesters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding balls and rackets they encompass,
And now they're fill'd with jests, and flights, and bombast !
I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,
Stroling from place to place, by circulation ;
Grant, Heav'n, we don't return to our first station :
I know not what these think, but, for my part,
I can't reflect, without an aching heart,
How we should end in our original, a cart.
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us.
Thus, from the past, we hope for future grace,
I beg it——
And some here know I have a begging face.
Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,
For a clear stage won't do, without your favour.

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
MAYOR OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
RALPH, Earl of MONTAGUE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER the world will arraign me of vanity, or not, that I have presumed to dedicate this comedy to your lordship, I am yet in doubt: though it may be it is some degree of vanity even to doubt of it. One, who has at any time had the honour of your lordship's conversation, cannot be supposed to think very meanly of that, which he would prefer to your perusal: yet it were to incur the imputation of too much sufficiency, to pretend to such a merit, as might abide the test of your lordship's censure.

Whatever value may be wanting to this play, while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become your lordship's; and it is my security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my dedication, than your lordship will dignify it by your patronage.

That it succeeded on the stage, was almost beyond my expectation; for but little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience.

Those characters, which are meant to be ridiculed in most of our comedies, are of fools so gross, that, in my humble opinion, they should rather disturb than divert the well-natured and reflecting part of an audience; they are rather objects of charity than contempt; and instead of moving our mirth, they ought very often to excite our compassion.

VOL. II.

K

DEDICATION.

This reflection mov'd me to design some characters, which thou'd appear ridiculous, not so much through a natural folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the stage) as through an affected wit; a wit, which, at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some difficulty in the formation of a character of this nature, so there is some hazard which attends the progress of its success, upon the stage: For many come to a play, so over-charged with criticism, that they very often let fly their censure, when, through their rashness, they have mistaken their aim. This I had occasion lately to observe: For this play had been acted two or three days, before some of these hasty judges could find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the character of a Witwoud and a Truewit.

I must beg your lordship's pardon for this digression from the true course of this epistle; but, that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg that I may plead the occasion of it, in part of that excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this comedy to your protection. It is only by the countenance of your lordship, and the few so qualify'd, that such, who write with care and pains, can hope to be distinguish'd: For the prostituted name of poet, promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct writer in the world, had a Scipio and a Lelius, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his reputation: And notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, it may be, their countenance was not more than necessary.

The purity of his style, the delicacy of his turns, and the justness of his characters, were all of them beauties, which the greater part of his audience were incapable of tasting: Some of the coarsest strokes of Plautus, so severely censur'd

DEDICATION.

by Horace, were more likely to affect the multitude ; such, who come with expectation to laugh at the last act of a play, and are better entertained with two or three unseasonable jests, than with the artful solution of the fable.

As Terence excelled in his performances, so had he great advantages to encourage his undertakings ; for he built most on the foundations of Menander : His plots were generally modelled, and his characters ready drawn to his hand. He copied Menander ; and Menander had no less light in the formation of his characters, from the observations of Theophrastus, of whom he was a disciple ; and Theophrastus, it is known, was not only the disciple, but the immediate successor of Aristotle, the first and greatest judge of poetry. These were great models to design by ; and the further advantage which Terence possessed, towards giving his plays the due ornaments of purity of style, and justness of manners, was not less considerable, from the freedom of conversation, which was permitted him with Lelius and Scipio, two of the greatest and most polite men of his age. And indeed, the privilege of such a conversation, is the only certain means of attaining to the perfection of dialogue.

If it has happened in any part of this comedy, that I have gained a turn of style, or expression, more correct, or at least more corrigible, than in those which I have formerly written, I must, with equal pride and gratitude, ascribe it to the honour of your lordship's admitting me into your conversation, and that of a society, where every body else was so well worthy of you, in your retirement last Summer from the town : For it was immediately after, that this comedy was written. If I have failed in my performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior

DEDICATION.

either to a Scipio or a Lelius, that there should be one wanting, equal in capacity to a Terence.

If I am not mistaken, poetry is almost the only art, which has not yet laid claim to your lordship's patronage. Architecture, and painting, to the great honour of our country, have flourished under your influence and protection. In the mean time, poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most, seems to have resigned her birth-right by having neglected to pay her duty to your lordship; and by permitting others of a later extraction, to prepossess that place in your esteem, to which none can pretend a better title. Poetry, in its nature, is sacred to the good and great; the relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the privilege of poetry to address to them, and it is their prerogative alone to give it protection.

This received maxim is a general apology for all writers who consecrate their labours to great men: But I could wish, at this time, that this address were exempted from the common pretence of all dedications; and that, as I can distinguish your lordship even amongst the most deserving, so this offering might become remarkable by some particular instance of respect, which should assure your lordship, that I am, with all due sense of your extreme worthiness and humanity,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, and

Most obliged humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TO
MR. CONGREVE,

Occasioned by his COMEDY called

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WHEN pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain fight;
No sense of wit, when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show:
How could, great author, your aspiring mind
Dare to write only to the few refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name;
Tho' senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from fate, a lavish portion fell
In ev'ry way of writing to excel.
Your muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
When-e'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow.
Pastora's the complaint of ev'ry swain,
Pastora, still the echo of the plain!

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Or if your muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse ;
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life ;
You the great act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.
By your selected scenes, and handsome choice,
Ennobled comedy exalts her voice ;
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn, what else we should admire ;
The just impression, taught by you, we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player ;
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems :
But when your muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry heart ;
To mourn with her men cheat their private woe,
And gen'rous pity's all the grief they know :
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own ;
You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our afflictions as you please.
Is not a heart, so kind as yours, in pain,
To load your friends with cares, you only feign
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great sir, your moving pow'r employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

R. STEEL.

P R O L O G U E.

SPOKE BY MR. BETTERTON.

OF those few fools, who with ill stars are curst,
Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :
For they're a sort of fools which fortune makes,
And, after she has made them fools, forsakes.
With nature's oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent case,
For fortune favours all her idiot race :
In her own nest the cuckow eggs we find,
O'er which she boods, to hatch the changeling-kind,
No portion for her own she has to spare,
So much she doats on her adopted care.

Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,
Suffer'd at first some trifling stakes to win :
But what unequal hazards do they run !
Each time they write, they venture all they've won.
The Squire, that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.
This author, heretofore, has found your favour,
But pleads no merit from his past behaviour.
To build on that, might prove a vain presumption,
Shou'd grants, to poets made, admit resumption :
And in Parnassus he must lose his seat,
If that be found a forfeited estate.

He owns, with-toil, he wrought the following scenes,
But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains :
Damn him the more ; have no commiseration.
For dulness on mature deliberation.

P R O L O G U E.

He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off scene,
Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,
Who, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.
Some plot we think he has, and some new thought;
Some humour too, no farce; but that's a fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
For so reform'd a town, who dares correct?
To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
He'll not instruct, lest it should give offence,
Shou'd he by chance, a knave or fool expose,
That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
In short, our play shall (with your leave to shew it)
Give you one instance of a passive poet,
Who to your judgments yields all resignation;
So save or damn, after your own discretion.

}

1990

2

[illegible]

4723319

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

FAINALL, in love with Mrs. MARWOOD.

MIRABELL, in love with Mrs. MILLAMANT.

WITWOUD, } Followers of Mrs. MILLAMANT.
PETULANT, }

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, half brother to WITWOUD,
and nephew to Lady WISHFORT.

WAITWELL, servant to MIRABELL.

W O M E N.

Lady WISHFORT, enemy to MIRABELL, for having
falsely pretended love to her.

Mrs. MILLAMANT, a fine lady, niece to lady WISHFORT,
and loves MIRABELL.

Mrs. MARWOOD, friend to Mr. FAINALL, and likes
MIRABELL.

Mrs. FAINALL, daughter to lady WISHFORT, and Wife
to FAINALL, formerly friend to MIRABELL.

FOIBLE, woman to lady WISHFORT.

MINCING, woman to Mrs. MILLAMANT.

Dancers, Footmen and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

The time equal to that of the presentation.

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Chocolate-House.

Mirabell and Fainall (Rising from cards.) Betty waiting.

MIRABELL.

YOU are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

FAIN. Have we done?

MIRA. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAIN. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner; I'd no more play with a man, that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman, who undervalu'd the loss of her reputation.

MIRA. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

FAIN. Pr'ythee, why so reserv'd? something has put you out of humour.

MIRA. Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day; and you are gay: That's all.

FAIN. Confess, Millamant and you quarrell'd last night, after I left you ; my fair cousin has some humors that wou'd tempt the patience of a stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by ?

MIRA. Witwoud and Petulant ; and, what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius ; or to sum up all in her own name, my old lady Wishfort came in.——

FAIN. O there it is then——she has a lasting passion for you and with reason.——What, then my wife was there ?

MIRA. Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before ; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whisper'd one another ; then complain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

FAIN. They had a mind to be rid of you.

MIRA. For which reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old lady broke thro' her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and, with a constrain'd smile, told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome ; she reddn'd, and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

FAIN. You are to blame to resent what she spoke, only in compliance with her aunt.

MIRA. She is more mistress of herself, than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

FAIN. What ? tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation ?

MIRA. I was then in such a humor, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

FAIN. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you ; last night was one of their cabal-nights ; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's

apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murder'd reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd, that all the male sex shou'd be excepted; but somebody mov'd that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enroll'd members.

MIRA. And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and full of the vigor of fifty-five, declares for a friend and Ratifia; and, let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

FAIN. The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provok'd this separation: Had you dissembled better, things might have continu'd in the state of nature.

MIRA. I did as much as man cou'd, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice, that she was grown fat of a sudden; and, when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labor. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a man shou'd endeavor downright personally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbad me. But, for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN. What shou'd provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances, which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

MIRA. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confess, I am not one of those coxcombs, who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think, that she, who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

FAIN. You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and, tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to satisfy a lady's longing; you have too much generosity, not to be tender of her honor. Yet you speak with an indifference, which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

MIRA. You pursue the argument with a distrust, that seems to be unaffected; and confesses, that you are conscious of a concern, for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

FAIN. Fie, fie, friend; if you grow censorious, I must leave you;——I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

MIRA. Who are they?

FAIN. Petulant and Witwoud——Bring me some chocolate.

MIRA. Betty, what says your clock?

BET. Turn'd of the last canonical hour, sir.

MIRA. How pertinently the jade answers me! ha? almost once a clock! [Looking on his watch.] O, y'are come——

SCENE II.

Mirabell and Footman.

MIRA. Well; is the grand affair over? you have been something tedious.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 147

SER. Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country-dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs wou'd have fail'd, before it came to our turn; so we drove round to Duke's-Place; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

MIRA. So, so, you are sure they are married.

SER. Married and bedded, sir: I am witness.

MIRA. Have you the certificate?

SER. Here it is, sir.

MIRA. Has the taylor brought Waitwell's cloaths home, and the new liveries?

SER. Yes, sir.

MIRA. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the consummation 'till farther order; bid Waitwell shake his ears, and dame Partlet ruffle up her feathers, and meet me at one a clock, by Rosamond's pond; that I may see her, before she returns to her lady: And, as you tender your ears, be secret.

S C E N E III.

Mirabell, Fainall, and Betty.

FAIN. Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleas'd.

MIRA. Ay; I have been engag'd in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, Fainall, that you, who are married, and, of consequence, should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

FAIN. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides most, who are engag'd, are women and relations; and, for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

MIRA. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more scandal: For a woman, who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man, who is one.

FAIN. Are you jealous, as often as you see Witwoud entertain'd by Millamant?

MIRA. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

FAIN. You do her wrong; for, to give her due, she has wit.

MIRA. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him, who shall tell her so.

FAIN. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man, somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

MIRA. And, for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations, which, in another woman, wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once us'd me with that insolence, that, in revenge, I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I study'd 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: To which end, I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that, at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me ev'ry hour less and less disturbance; till, in a few days, it became habitual to me, to remember 'em, without being

displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and, in all probability, in a little time longer, I shall like 'em as well.

FAIN. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and, my life on't, you are your own man again.

MIRA. Say you so?

FAIN. I, I; I have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

SCENE IV.

[To them] Messenger.

MES. Is one Squire Witwoud here?

BET. Yes, what's your business?

MES. I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir Wilful, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own hands.

BET. He's in the next room, friend—That way.

SCENE V.

Mirabell, Fainall, Betty.

MIRA. What, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

FAIN. He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIRA. I have seen him; he promises to be an extraordinary person: I think you have the honour to be related to him.

FAIN. Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwoud by a former wife, who was sister to my lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too.

MIRA. I had rather be his relation, than his acquaintance.

FAIN. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

MIRA. For travel! why, the man, that I mean, is above forty.

FAIN. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

MIRA. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

FAIN. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstock'd.

MIRA. Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire his brother, any thing related?

FAIN. Not at all; Witwoud grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

MIRA. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten, without ever being ripe at all.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy.—But, when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due; he has something of good nature, and does not always want wit.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 151

MIRA. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool, with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks wit. He is one, whose conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptious; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language satire and fire.

FAIN. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Witwoud.

WIT. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall; Mirabell, pity me.

MIRA. I do from my soul.

FAIN. Why, what's the matter?

WIT. No letters for me, Betty?

BET. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, fir?

WIT. Ay, but no other?

BET. No, fir.

WIT. That's hard, that's very hard;—A messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a fore-runner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

MIRA. A fool, and your brother, Witwoud !

WIT. Ay, ay, my half brother. My half brother he is, no nearer, upon honour.

MIRA. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

WIT. Good, good, Mirabell le Drole ! good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him ;——Fainall, how does your lady ? Gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon, that I shou'd ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I say : But she's the best woman in the world.

FAIN. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WIT. No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell ?

MIRA. You had better step and ask his wife ; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

WIT. Mirabell.

MIRA. Ay.

WIT. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons ;——Gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

MIRA. I thank you heartily, heartily.

WIT. No, but pr'ythee excuse me,——my memory is such a memory.

MIRA. Have a care of such apologies, Witwoud ;——for I never knew a fool, but he affected to complain, either of the spleen, or his memory.

FAIN. What have you done with Petulant ?

WIT. He's reckoning his money——my money it was——I have no luck to-day.

FAIN. You may allow him to win of you at play ;— for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee : Since you monopolize the wit, that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

MIRA. I don't find, that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

WIT. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates—Petulant's my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering— faith and troth, a pretty ideal of an odd sort of a small wit : Nay, I'll do him justice, I'm his friend, I won't wrong him—And, if he had any judgment in the world—he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

FAIN. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred ?

WIT. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own——no more breeding than a bum-bailiff, that I grant you,——'Tis pity ; the fellow has fire and life.

MIRA. What, courage ?

WIT. Hum, faith, I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a controversy he'll contradict any body.

MIRA. Tho' 'twere a man, whom he fear'd, or a woman, whom he lov'd.

WIT. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks ;——We have all our failings ; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him——I can defend most of his faults, except one or two ; one he has, that's the truth on't, if he were my brother, I cou'd not acquit him——that indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

354 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

MIRA. Ay marry, what's that, Witwoud?

WIT. O pardon me—expose the infirmities of my friend!—No, my dear; excuse me there.

FAIN. What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

WIT. No, no; what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: A wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

MIRA. May be you think him too positive?

WIT. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

FAIN. Too illiterate?

WIT. That! that's his happiness——his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to shew his natural parts.

MIRA. He wants words?

WIT. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

FAIN. He's impudent?

WIT. No, that's not it.

MIRA. Vain?

WIT. No.

MIRA. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes; because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

WIT. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it,——I mean, he never speaks truth at all——that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that's his fault.

SCENE VII.

[To them] Coachman.

COACH. Is master Petulant here, mistress?

BET. Yes.

COACH. Three gentlewomen, in a coach, would speak with him.

FAIN. O brave Petulant, three!

BET. I'll tell him.

COACH. You must bring two dishes of chocolate, and a glass of cinnamon-water.

SCENE VIII.

Mirabell, Fainall, Witwoud.

WIT. That should be for two fasting strumpets, and a bawd troubled with the wind. Now, you may know what the three are.

MIRA. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

WIT. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but, to tell you a secret, these are trulls, whom he allows coach hire, and something more by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

MIRA. How!

WIT. You shall see he won't go to 'em; because there's no more company here to take notice of him——why,

this is nothing to what he us'd to do:—Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself.——

FAIN. Call for himself! What dost thou mean?

WIT. Mean! why, he wou'd slip you out of this chocolate house, just when you had been talking to him——as soon as your back was turn'd——whip he was gone;——Then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, slip into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice! where he wou'd send in for himself, that I mean; call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

MIRA. I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; O, I ask his pardon.

S C E N E IX.

Petulant, Mirabell, Fainall, Witwoud, Betty.

BET. Sir, the coach stays.

PETU. Well, well; I come——'Sbud, a man had as good be a profess'd midwife, as a profess'd whoremaster, at this rate; to be knock'd up, and rais'd at all hours, and in all places. Pox on 'em, I won't come——d'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.——Let them snivel and cry their hearts out.

FAIN. You are very cruel, Petulant.

PETU. All's one, let it pass—I have a humor to be cruel.

MIRA. I hope they are not persons of condition, that you use at this rate.

PETU. Condition ! condition's a dry'd fig. If I am not in humor——by this hand, if they were your——a——a——your what-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait, or rub off, if I want appetite.

MIRA. What-d'ye-call'ems ! what are they, Witwoud ?

WIT. Empresses, my dear——by your what-d'ye-call-'ems, he means sultana queens.

PETU. Ay, Roxolanas.

MIRA. Cry you mercy.

FAIN. Witwoud says they are——

PETU. What does he say they are ?

WIT. I ? fine ladies, I say.

PETU. Pass on, Witwoud——harkee ; by this light, his relations——two coheiresses, his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves catterwauling better than a conventicle.

WIT. Ha, ha, ha ; I had a mind to see how the rogue wou'd come off——Ha, ha, ha ; Gad, I can't be angry with him ; if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

MIRA. No !

WIT. No ; the rogue's wit, and readiness of invention, charm me. Dear Petulant.

BET. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

PET. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

FAIN. This continence is all dissembled ; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

158 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

MIRA. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, sometime or other, Petulant, about that business.

PETU. Ay, ay, let that pass——there are other throats to be cut——

MIRA. Meaning mine, sir?

PETU. Not I——I mean nobody——I know nothing.——But there are uncles and nephews in the world——and they may be rivals——what then? all's one for that——

MIRA. How; Harkee, Petulant, come hither——Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

PETU. Explain! I know nothing——Why, you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town; and lodges by my lady Wishfort's?

MIRA. True.

PETU. Why, that's enough——You and he are not friends; and, if he shou'd marry, and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha?

MIRA. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

PETU. All's one for that; why, then say, I know something.

MIRA. Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

PETU. I? Nothing. I? If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug, and am silent.

MIRA. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets——What, you're a cabalist, I know you staid at Millamant's last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadst but goodnature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwoud, who is now thy competitor in fame, wou'd

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 259

show as dim by thee, as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he wou'd no more be seen by thee, than Mercury is by the sun: Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

PETU. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

MIRA. Faith, I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray, that heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

PETU. Well, harkee.

FAIN. Petulant and you both will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

WIT. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at Petulant, is plain. And, for my part—but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—harkee—to tell you a secret, but let it go no further—between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

FAIN. How!

WIT. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

FAIN. I thought you had dy'd for her.

WIT. Umh—No—

FAIN. She has wit.

WIT. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her, as he thinks for.

FAIN. Why do you think so?

WIT. We staid pretty late there last night, and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town—and is between him and the best part of his estate; Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my lady Wishfort has been told; and you know she hates Mirabell, worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a

hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamont or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and, if it shou'd come to life, poor Mirabell wou'd be, in some sort, unfortunately fobb'd, i'faith.

FAIN. 'Tis impossible Millamant shou'd hearken to it.

WIT. Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman and a kind of a humorist.

MIRA. And this is the sum of what you cou'd collect last night.

PETU. The quintessence. May be, Witwoud knows more, he stay'd longer—besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

MIRA. I thought you had been the greatest favorite.

PETU. Ay tete a tete; but not in public; because I make remarks.

MIRA. You do?

PETU. Ay, ay, pox, I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him—the fellow's well bred, he's what you call a——what d'ye-call-'em. A fine gentleman, but he's silly withal.

MIRA. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

FAIN. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

WIT. Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talk'd of being there.

MIRA. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your brother sir Wilfull's arrival.

WIT. No, no, he comes to his aunt's, my lady Withfort; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

PETU. Beg him for his estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 161

WIT. O rare Petulant; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us; and we'll be very severe.

PETU. Enough, I'm in a humor to be severe.

MIRA. Are you? pray then walk by yourselves——let us not be necessary to your putting the ladies out of countenance, with your senseless ribaldry; which you roar out aloud, as often as they pass by you; and, when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PETU. What, what? then let 'em either shew their innocence, by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their discretion, by not hearing, what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

MIRA. But hast not thou then sense enough to know, that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

PETU. Not I, by this hand——I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt, or ill breeding.

MIRA. I confess, you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Mrs. Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. FAIN. Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: And, when they cease to love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us, like the ghosts of what we were, and, as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. MAR. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love shou'd ever die before us; and that the man so often shou'd outlive the lover. But, say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life; because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born old; because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. FAIN. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind; only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. MAR. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex, of force, must entertain themselves, apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 163

seem to dote, like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him, as it's lawful tyrant.

Mrs. FAIN. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! why, you profess a libertine.

Mrs. MAR. You see my friendship by my freedom, Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. FAIN. Never.

Mrs. MAR. You hate mankind!

Mrs. FAIN. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. MAR. Your husband?

Mrs. FAIN. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. MAR. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. FAIN. There.

Mrs. MAR. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. FAIN. Is it possible? Dost thou hate these vipers, men?

Mrs. MAR. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. FAIN. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

Mrs. MAR. And yet, I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion further.

Mrs. FAIN. How?

Mrs. MAR. Faith, by marrying; if I cou'd but find one, that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill

usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. FAIN. You would not make him a cuckold?

Mrs. MAR. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. FAIN. Why, had you not as good do it?

Mrs. MAR. O, if he shou'd ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

Mrs. FAIN. Ingenious mischief! wou'd thou wert married to Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. Wou'd I were.

Mrs. FAIN. You change color.

Mrs. MAR. Because I hate him.

Mrs. FAIN. So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But, what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. MAR. I never lov'd him; he is, and always was, insufferably proud.

Mrs. FAIN. By the reason you give for your aversion, one wou'd think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. MAR. O, then it seems you are one of his favorable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. FAIN. Do I? I think I am a little sick o'the sudden.

Mrs. MAR. What ails you?

Mrs. FAIN. My husband. Don't you see him? he turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

SCENE II.

[To them] Fainall and Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. Ha, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. FAIN. For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

FAIN. My dear.

Mrs. FAIN. My soul.

FAIN. You don't look well to-day, child.

Mrs. FAIN. D'ye think so?

MIRA. He is the only man, that does, madam.

Mrs. FAIN. The only man, that wou'd tell me so, at least; and the only man, from whom I could hear it, without mortification.

FAIN. O my dear, I am satisfy'd of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. FAIN. Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night: I would fain hear it out.

MIRA. The persons, concern'd in that affair, have yet a tolerable reputation.——I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

Mrs. FAIN. He has a humor more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another; by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell; and, I dare promise, you will oblige us both.

S C E N E III.

Fainall, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN. Excellent creature; well, sure, if I shou'd live to be rid of my wife, I shou'd be a miserable man.

Mrs. MAR. Ay!

FAIN. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he, who must survive his hopes! Nothing remains, when that day comes, but to sit down and weep, like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mrs. MAR. Will you not follow 'em?

FAIN. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. MAR. Pray let us; I have a reason.

FAIN. You are not jealous?

Mrs. MAR. Of whom?

FAIN. Of Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honor!

FAIN. You would intimate then, as if there were a fellow feeling between my wife and him.

Mrs. MAR. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

FAIN. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. MAR. It may be you are deceived.

FAIN. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. MAR. What?

FAIN. That I have been deceiv'd, madam, and you are false.

Mrs. MAR. That I am false! What mean you?

FAIN. To let you know, I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another, have made you clash, 'till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

Mrs. MAR. You do me wrong.

FAIN. I do not—'twas for my ease to oversee, and wilfully neglect, the gross advances made him by my wife; that, by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But, cou'd you think, because the nodding husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. MAR. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

FAIN. With infidelity, with loving another, with love of Mirabell.

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

FAIN. And wherefore do you hate him? he is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: Your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? To undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant.

Mrs. MAR. My obligations to my lady urg'd me! I had profess'd a friendship to her! and could not see her easy nature so abus'd by that dissembler.

FAIN. What, was it conscience then? profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. MAR. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men; whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

FAIN. Ha, ha, ha: you are my wife's friend too.

Mrs. MAR. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! have I been false to her, thro' strict fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my friendship; to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your bosom?

FAIN. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account, you once cou'd make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate malice — 'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAIN. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a jealousy: But you are stung to find you are discover'd?

Mrs. MAR. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it myself, I shall prevent your baseness.

FAIN. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. MAR. Disclose it to your wife; own what has pass'd between us.

FAIN. Frenzy!

Mrs. MAR. By all my wrongs, I'll do't—I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: With both I trusted you, you, bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

FAIN. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestowed, as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures, which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it—'Tis true——had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stol'n their marriage, my lady had been incens'd beyond all means of reconciliation: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune; which then wou'd have descended to my wife; ——And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth; and squander it on love and you?

Mrs. MAR. Deceit, and frivolous pretence.

FAIN. Death, am I not married? What's pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? Have I not a wife? Nay a wife, that was a widow; a young widow; a handsome widow; and wou'd be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to baffle through the ways of wedlock and this world. Will yqu yet be reconcil'd to truth and me?

Mrs. MAR. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent—I hate you, and shall for ever.

FAIN. For loving you?

Mrs. MAR. I loath the name of love, after such usage; and, next to the guilt, with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

FAIN. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. MAR. Let me go.

FAIN. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. MAR. I care not—Let me go—break my hands, do, ——I'd leave 'em, to get loose.

FAIN. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here.

170 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. MAR. Well, I have deserv'd it all.

FAIN. You know I love you.

Mrs. MAR. Poor dissembling—O that—Well, it is not yet——

FAIN. What? what is it not? What is it not yet? Is it not yet too late——

Mrs. MAR. No, it is not yet too late—I have that comfort.

FAIN. It is, to love another.

Mrs. MAR. But not to loath, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

FAIN. Nay, this is extravagance——Come, I ask your pardon——no tears——I was to blame. I cou'd not love you, and be easy in my doubts——Pray, forbear——I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way, will make amends;——I'll hate my wife yet more. Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire some where, any where, to another world. I'll marry thee——be pacify'd——'Sdeath! they come, hide your face, your tears——You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way; be persuaded.

S C E N E IV.

Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. FAIN. They are here yet.

MIRA. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. FAIN. While I only hated my husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but, since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

MIRA. O, you shou'd hate with prudence.

Mrs. FAIN. Yes; for I have lov'd with indiscretion.

MIRA. You shou'd have just so much disgust for your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. FAIN. You have been the cause, that I have lov'd without bounds; and wou'd you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

MIRA. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produc'd that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man, lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one, whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose; when you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. FAIN. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell.

MIRA. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design; and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. FAIN. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

MIRA. Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. FAIN. He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman; and may win her to your interest.

MIRA. Care is taken for that——she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

MRS. FAIN. Who?

MIRA. Waitwell and Foible. I wou'd not tempt my servant to betray me, by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the Fox, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

MRS. FAIN. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her galant's former marriage.

MIRA. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

MRS. FAIN. She talk'd last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

MIRA. That was by Foible's direction, and my instigation; that she might seem to carry it more privately.

MRS. FAIN. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an husband; and, when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

MIRA. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that resembled a man; though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

MRS. FAIN. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite, when the true is decay'd.

MIRA. An old woman's appetite is deprav'd like that of a girl——'Tis the green-sickness of a second child-

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 373

hood; and, like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. FAIN. Here's your mistress.

SCENE V.

[To them] Mrs. Millamant, Witwoud, Mincing.

MIRA. Here she comes, P'faith, full sail, with her fan spread, and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—Ha, no, I cry her mercy.

Mrs. FAIN. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

MIRA. You seem to be unattended, madam,—You us'd to have the Beau-mond throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WIT. Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

MIL. O I have deny'd myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the croud.

WIT. As a favourite just disgrac'd; and with as few followers.

MIL. Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce with your similitudes: for I am as sick of 'em——

WIT. As a physician of a good air——I cannot help it, madam, tho' 'tis against myself.

MIL. Yet again, Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WIT. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. FAIN. But, dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MIL. Long! lord, have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have inquir'd after you, as after a new fashion.

WIT. Madam, truce with your similitudes—no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

MIRA. By your leave, Witwoud, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

WIT. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. FAIN. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

MIL. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—Mincing, what had I? why, was I so long?

MINC. O mem, your la'ship staid to peruse a paquet of letters.

MIL. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

WIT. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

MIL. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose, I think I try'd once, Mincing.

MINC. O mem, I shall never forget it.

MIL. Ay, poor Mincing, tist and tist all the morning.

MINC. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem. And all to no purpose. But, when your ladyship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crips.

WIT. Indeed, so crips?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 173

MINC. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwoud.

MIL. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——now I think on't, I'm angry——no, now I think on't, I'm pleas'd——for I believe I gave you some pain.

MIRA. Does that please you?

MIL. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

MIRA. You would affect a cruelty, which is not in your nature, your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

MIL. O, I ask your pardon for that——one's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIRA. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover——And then, how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsome, when you've lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant; for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms——Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet, after commendation, can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

MIL. O the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him: If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! now, you must know, they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift!——Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then, if one pleases, one makes more.

176 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WIT. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

WIT. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things, if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRA. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

MIL. How so?

MIRA. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves prais'd; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

WIT. But I know a lady, that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

MIL. O Fiction! Fainall, let us leave these men.

MIRA. Draw off Witwood. [Aside to Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. FAIN. Immediately. I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud.

S C E N E VI.

Millamant, Mirabell, Mincing.

MIRA. I wou'd beg a little private audience too—— You had the tyranny to deny me last night; tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you, that concern'd my love.

MIL. You saw I was engag'd.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 177

MIRA. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you; they are not capable: Or, if they were, it shou'd be to you as a mortification; for sure, to please a fool, is some degree of folly.

MILL. I please myself——Besides, sometimes to converse with fools, is for my health.

MIRA. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

MILL. Yes, the vapours; fools are physick for it, next to *Assa-fetida*.

MIRA. You are not in a course of fools?

MILL. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom——you'll displease me——I think I must resolve after all, not to have you——we sha'n't agree.

MIRA. Not in our physick, it may be.

MILL. And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same, for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults——I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell——I'm resolv'd——I think——You may go——Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

MIRA. I wou'd give something, that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

MIL. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

178 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

MIRA. I say, that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

MILL. Sententious Mirabell! prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon, at the dividing of the child, in an old tapestry hanging.

MIRA. You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MILL. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha——well, I won't laugh! don't be peevish——hei-ho! now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now——nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;——I see they are walking away.

MIRA. Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment——

MILL. To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed——No.

MIRA. But how came you to know it?——

MILL. Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VII.

Mirabell, alone.

MIRA. I have something more—gone—think of you! to think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a wind-mill, has not a more whimsical dwelling, than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason; and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct—O here comes my pair of turtles,——What, billing so sweetly! Is not Valentine's day over with you yet?

SCENE VIII.

[To him] Waitwell, Foible.

MIRA. Sirrah, Waitwell, why, sure you think you were marry'd for your own recreation, and not for my conveniency.

WAIT. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful delights; but still with an eye to business, sir, I have instructed her as well as I could.

180 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

If she can take your directions, as readily as my instructions, fir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIRA. Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

FOI. O-las, fir, I'm so asham'd—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, fir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAIT. That she did indeed, fir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

MIRA. That I believe.

FOI. But I told my lady as you instructed me, fir, that I had a prospect of seeing fir Rowland, your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket, to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamored of her beauty, that he burns with impatience, to lye at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original.

MIRA. Excellent Foible! matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

WAIT. I think she has profited, fir. I think so.

FOI. You have seen madam Millamant, fir?

MIRA. Yes.

FOI. I told her, fir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity, she had so much company last night.

MIRA. Your diligence will merit more——In the meantime. [Gives money.]

FOI. O dear, fir, your humble servant.

WAIT. Spouse.

MIRA. Stand off, fir, not a penny——go on and prosper, Foible—the lease shall be made good, and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

FOI. I don't question your generosity, fir: And you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, fir,

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 131

I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress 'till I come,——O dear, I'm sure that [Looking out.] was Mrs. Marwood, that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you, I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'y' Waitwell.

SCENE VIII.

Mirabell, Waitwell.

WAIT. Sir Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment, she forgets herself.

MIRA. Come, Sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself——and transform into sir Rowland.

WAIT. Why, sir; it will be impossible I should remember myself——marry'd, knighted, and attended, all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be, how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I sha'n't be quite the same Waitwell neither—for, now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own man again.

Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in Lady Wishfort's House.

Lady Wishfort at her Toilet, Peg waiting.

Lady WISH. Merciful ! no news of Foible yet ?

PEG. No, madam.

Lady WISH. I have no more patience——if I have not fretted myself 'till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red——the red, do you hear, sweet-heart ? An errant ash-colour, as I am a person. Look you how this wench stirs ! Why dost thou not fetch me a little red ? Didst thou not hear me, mopus ?

PEG. The red Ratifia does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy ?

Lady WISH. Ratafia, fool. No fool, not the Ratifia, fool——grant me patience ! I mean the Spanish paper, ideot, complexion darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee ? Why dost thou not stir, puppet ? thou wooden thing upon wires.

PEG. Loid, madam, your ladyship is so impatient——I cannot come at the paint, madam, Mrs. Foible has lock'd it up, and carry'd the key with her.

Lady WISH. Pox take you both——Fetch me the cherry-brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady WISH. I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmick, the curate's wife, that's always breeding
——Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing?
sipping? tasting? save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady Wishfort, Peg with a bottle and china cup.

PEG. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

Lady WISH. A cup, save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a Fairy, to drink out of an Acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass-thimble clinking in thy pocket, with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.——So——again. See who that is——[One knocks.] Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table——What, would'st thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster. As I'm a person, this wench has liv'd at an Inn upon the road, before she came to me, like Maritornes, the Asturian, in Don Quixote. No Foible yet?

PEG. No, madam. Mrs. Marwood.

Lady WISH. O, Marwood, let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.

SCENE IV.

[To them] Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. MAR. I'm surpriz'd to find your ladyship in dishabillé at this time of day.

Lady WISH. Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. MAR. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd thro' the park, in conference with Mirabell.

Lady WISH. With Mirabell! You call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh, my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches, if I'm detected.

Mrs. MAR. O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

Lady WISH. O, he carries poison in his tongue, that wou'd corrupt integrity itself. If she has giv'n him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah, dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—dear friend, retire into my closet; that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—there are books over the chimney—Quarles and Pryn, and the Short view of the stage, with Bunyan's works to entertain you—go, you thing, and send her in. [To Peg.

SCENE V.

Lady Wishfort, Foible.

Lady WISH. O Foible, where hast thou been? What hast thou been doing?

FOI. Madam, I have seen the party.

Lady WISH. But what hast thou done?

FOI. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a man so enamour'd—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—poor sir Rowland, I say.

Lady WISH. The miniature has been counted like—but hast thou not betray'd me, Foible? hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell?—What had'st thou to do with him in the park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

FOI. So, the devil has been before-hand with me: What shall I say?—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I cou'd have borne: But he had a fling at your ladyship too; and then I could not hold: But, i'faith, I gave him his own.

Lady WISH. Me? What did the filthy fellow say?

FOI. O madam; 'tis a shame to say what he said—with his taunts and his sneers, tossing up his nose. Humh (says he) what, you are a hatching some plot (says he) you

are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—half pay is but thin subsistence (says he)—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see (says he) what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and——

Lady WISH. Ods my life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poison'd in his wine. I'll send for Robin from Locket's——immediately.

FOR. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry fir Rowland, and get him disinherited. O, you wou'd bless yourself, to hear what he said.

Lady WISH. A villain! superannuated!

FOR. Humh (says he) I hear you are laying designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle; (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old frippery too (says he) I'll handle you——

Lady WISH. Audacious villain! handle me, wou'd he durst——frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be marry'd to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

FOR. The sooner the better, madam.

Lady WISH. Will fir Rowland be here, say'st thou? When, Feible?

FOR. Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood, with that impatience, in which fir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 187

Lady WISH. Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: A tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a Long-Lane pent-house, or a gibbet-thief. A slander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the spentrift prodigal's in debt, as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his taylor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

FOR. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Black-Fryars, for brags farthings, with an old mitten.

Lady WISH. Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive sir Rowland with any œconomy of face. This wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, Foible.

FOR. Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white varnish.

Lady WISH. Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? Why, I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

FOR. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must fit for you, madam.

Lady WISH. But art thou sure sir Rowland will not fail to come? or will he not fail, when he does come? will he be importunate, Foible, and push? for if he shou'd not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can

188 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

never advance—I shall swoon if he shou'd expect advances. No, I hope fir Rowland is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy, neither,—I won't give him despair—But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

FOI. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

Lady WISH. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—A sort of a dyingness—You see that picture has a sort of a—Ha, Foible? a swimmingness in the eyes—Yes, I'll look so—my niece affects it? but she wants features. Is fir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed—I'll dress above. I'll receive fir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me, I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd; I'll be taken by surprize.

FOI. By storm, madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk man.

Lady WISH. Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall save decorums, if fir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. O, I'm glad he's a brisk man, let my things be remov'd, good Foible.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. FAIN. O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I shou'd come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

FOI. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. FAIN. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know, that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning marry'd, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and, as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties, from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

Foi. O dear madam, I beg your pardon, It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence, between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell, might have hinder'd his communicating this secret.

Mrs. FAIN. Dear Foible, forget that.

Foi. O dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity,—sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success. Mrs. Marwood has told my lady; but I warrant I manag'd myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady, that Mr. Mirabell rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to sir Rowland to-night, she says;—I warrant, I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh maiden-head.

Mrs. FAIN. O rare Foible!

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him—besides, I believe, madam Marwood watches me. —she has a month's mind; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her—[Calls.] John—remove my lady's

toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. FAIN. I'll go with you up the back stairs; lest I shou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Marwood, alone.

Mrs. MAR. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why, this wench is the Pass-partout, a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit; else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant; to procure for him! A pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match.—O man, man! woman, woman! the devil's an ass: If I were a painter, I would draw him like an ideot, a driveler, with a bib and bells. Man shou'd have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend, Madam Marwood has a month's mind, but he can't abide her.—'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair; without you could have kept his council closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity—he has not oblig'd me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 191

head full of care, like any chymist, upon the day of projection.

S C E N E VIII.

[To her] Lady Wishfort.

Lady WISH. O dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness——But my dear friend is all goodness.

Mrs. MAR. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady WISH. As I am a person, I am in a very chaos, to think I shou'd so forget myself——but I have such an olio of affairs, really, I know not what to do——[Calls]——Foible——I expect my nephew sir Willfull ev'ry moment too :——Why, Foible——He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. MAR. Methinks sir Wilfull shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady WISH. O, he's in less danger of being spoil'd by his travels——I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough, when he comes back, and has acquir'd discretion to chuse for himself.

Mrs. MAR. Methinks Mrs. Millamant and he wou'd make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

Lady WISH. I promise you, I have thought on't——and, since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you

192 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propose it.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Foible.

Lady WISH. Come, come, Foible——I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner——I must make haste.

FOI. Mr. Witwood and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

Lady WISH. O dear, I can't appear till I am dress'd. Dear Marwood, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Marwood, Millamant, Mincing.

MILL. Sure never any thing was so unbred, as that odious man——Marwood, your servant.

Mrs. MAR. You have a color, what's the matter?

MILL. That horrid fellow, Petulant, has provok'd me into a flame——I have broke my fan——Mincing, lend me yours——Is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mrs. MAR. No. What has he done?

MILL. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd——nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted

ev'ry thing that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwood and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

MINC. I vow, Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

MILL. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of chusing one's acquaintance, as one does one's cloaths.

Mrs. MAR. If we had that liberty we shou'd be as weary of one set of acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A fool and a Doily stuff, wou'd now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

MILL. I could consent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but fools never wear out——They are such Drap-deberry things; without one cou'd give 'em to one's chambermaid, after a day or two.

Mrs. MAR. 'Twere better so indeed. Or, what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking-habit, after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you wou'd but appear bare-fac'd now, and own Mirabell; you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwood, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it: The secret is grown too big for the pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it, than my lady Strammel can her face; that goodly face, which, in defiance of her rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

MILL. I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast. Mincing,

tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking, than your malice.

S C E N E XI.

Millamant, Mrs. Marwood.

MILL. The town has found it! What has it found? That Mirabell loves me, is no more a secret, than it is a secret, that you discover'd it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discover'd it is a secret.

Mrs. MAR. You are nettled.

MILL. You are mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. MAR. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan, if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

MILL. O filly, Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! his constancy to me has quite destroy'd his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy——If I had the vanity to think he wou'd obey me; I wou'd command him to shew more gallantry——'tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But, I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha; Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho', I grant you, 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. MAR. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and delivered with so significant gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

MILL. Ha? Dear creature, I ask your pardon——I swear I did not mind you.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 195

Mrs. MAR. Mr. Mirabell and you, both, may think a thing impossible, when I shall tell him, by telling you.—

MILL. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. MAR. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

MILL. O madam, why so do I—and yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, ha; how can one forbear laughing, to think of it—I am a Sybil, if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you're a handsomer—and within a year or two as young.—If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you.—But that cannot be—well, that thought makes me melancholy—now I'll be sad.

Mrs. MAR. Your merry note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

MILL. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

S C E N E XII.

[To them] Mincing.

MIN. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

MILL. Desire Mrs. ——— that is in the next room, to sing the song I wou'd have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam—not that there's any great matter in it—but 'tis agreeable to my humor.

196 THE WAY OF THE WORLD,

S O N G.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A sickly flame, which, if not fed, expires;
And, feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,
For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

S C E N E XIII.

[To them] Petulant, Witwoud.

MILL. Is your animosity compos'd, gentlemen?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 197

WIT. Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity
——We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity
——The falling out of wits, is like the falling out of
lovers——We agree in the main, like treble and base. Ha,
Petulant?

PETU. Ay, in the main——But, when I have a humor
to contradict——

WIT. Ay, when he has a humor to contradict, then I
contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict
one another, like two battle-dóres; for contradictions beget
one another, like Jews.

PETU. If he says black's black——if I have a humor
to say 'tis blue——let that pass——all's one for that. If I
have a humor to prove it, it must be granted.

WIT. Not positively must——but it may——It may.

PETU. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

WIT. Ay, upon proof positive, it must; put upon proof
presumptive, it only may. That's a logical distinction now,
madam.

Mrs. MAR. I perceive your debates are of importance;
and very learnedly handled.

PETU. Importance is one thing, and learning's another;
but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

WIT. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies alto-
gether on his parts.

PETU. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. MAR. That's a sign, indeed, it's no enemy to you.

PETU. No, no, it's no enemy to any body, but them that
have it.

MILL. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion. I wonder
at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make
love.

198 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WIT. That I confess I wonder at too.

MILL. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

PETU. Why should a man be any further from being marry'd, tho he can't read, than he is from being hang'd? The ordinary's paid for setting the Psalm, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And, for the rest, which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book——So all's one for that.

MILL. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone.

S C E N E XIV.

Sir Wilsall, Witwoud in a riding dress, Mrs. Marwood, Petulant, Witwoud, Footman.

WIT. In the name of Bartlemew and his fair, what have we here?

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WIT. Not I——Yes, I think it is he——I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the revolution.

FOOT. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir WIL. Dressing! what, it's but morning here, I warrant, with you in London; we shou'd count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire——why then be like my aunt han't din'd yet——ha, friend?

FOOT. Your aunt, sir?

Sir WIL. My aunt, fir? Yes, my aunt, fir; and your lady, fir; your lady is my aunt, fir—Why, what? dost thou not know me, friend? why then send somebody hither, that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy lady, fellow, ha?

Foot. a week, fir; longer than any body in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir WIL. Why then, belike, thou dost not know thy lady, if thou see'st her, ha, friend?

Foot. Why truly, fir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her, by this time.

Sir WIL. Well, pr'ythee, try what thou canst do: If thou canst not guess, inquire her out, dost hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, fir Wilful Witwoud, is in the house.

Foot. I shall, fir.

Sir WIL. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: Pr'ythee, who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, fir, I can't tell; there come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

Sir Wilfull Witwoud, Petulant, Witwoud, Mrs. Marwood.

Sir WIL. 'Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a' knows his own name.

Mrs. MAR. Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behind hand in forgetfulness—I fancy he has forgot you too!

WIT. I hope so—the devil take him, that remembers first, I say.

Sir WIL. Save you, gentlemen, and lady.

Mrs. MAR. For shame, Mr. Witwoud; why won't you speak to him?—and you, sir.

WIT. Petulant, speak.

PETU. And you, sir.

Sir WIL. No offence! I hope. [Salutes Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. MAR. No sure, sir.

WIT. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, Petulant; smoke him.

PETU. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. [Surveying him round.

Sir WIL. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

PETU. No offence! I hope, sir.

WIT. Smoke the boots, the boots; Petulant, the boots! Ha, ha ha.

Sir WIL. May be not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir.

PETU. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

Sir WIL. Why, 'tis like you may, sir: If you are not satisfy'd with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire further of my horse, sir.

PETU. Your horse, sir! Your horse is an ass, sir.

Sir WIL. Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

Mrs. MAR. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir—'Slife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find one another out. You must not take any thing amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it.—If I am not mistaken, you are sir Wilful Witwoud.

Sir WIL. Right, lady; I am fir Wilful Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the lady Wishfort, of this mansion.

Mrs. MA'R. Don't you know this gentleman, fir?

Sir WIL. Hum! what, sure 'tis not——Yea, by'r lady, but 'tis——'Sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no——yea, but 'tis, by the Rekin. Brother Antony! What, Tony, i'faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r Lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated, and so beperriwig'd——'Sheart, why do'st not speak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

WIT. Odso, brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

Sir WIL. Your servant! why yours, fir. Your servant again——'sheart, and your friend and servant to that——and a——[Puff] and a flap-dragon for your service, fir: And a hare's foot, and a hare's scut for your service, fir; an you be so cold, and so courtly!

WIT. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, fir, but there is, and much offence——A pox, is this your inns o'court breeding; not to know your friends, and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

WIT. Why, brother Wilful, of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But, I tell you, 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think, you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers flabber and kiss one another, when they meet, like a call of serjeants——'tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir WIL. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this——By'r lady, I conjectur'd you were a fop, since you began to change the

file of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper, guilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this, when you left off "Honour'd Brother;" and "hoping you are in good health," and so forth—to begin with a "Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch." Qd's heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and so conclude.—You cou'd write news, before you were out of your time, when you liv'd with honest Pimple-Nose the attorney, of Furnival's Inn—you cou'd intreat to be remember'd, then, to your friends round the Rekin. We cou'd have Gazettes then, and Dawks's letter, and the weekly bill, 'till of late days.

PETU. 'Slife, Witwood, were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the Furnivals. Ha, ha, ha!

WIT. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound prentice to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. MAR. You intend to travel, sir, as I'm inform'd.

SIR WIL. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

PETU. And the wind serve.

SIR WIL. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask licence of you, sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 263

told you, madam——Yes, I have settl'd my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts, if and how that the peace holds, whereby that is taxes abate.

Mrs. MAR. I thought you had design'd for France, at all adventures.

Sir WIL. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution; ———because, when I make it, I keep it. I don't stand still I, shall I; then, if I say't, I'll do't: But I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French, as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. MAR. Here's an academy in town for that use.

Sir WIL. There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. MAR. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

WIT. Yes, refin'd like a Dutch Skipper, from a whale-fishing.

S C E N E XVI.

[To them] Lady Wishfort and Fainall.

Lady WISH. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir WIL. Aunt, your servant.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

Sir WIL. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

Lady WISH. Cousin Witwoud, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant——Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner is almost ready.

Sir WIL. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you wou'd have been in the fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him brother, for fear of offence.

Lady WISH. O, he's a rallier, nephew—My cousin's a wit: And your great wits always rally their best friends to chuse. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand rallery better.

[Fain. and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.]

Sir WIL. Why then, let him hold his tongue, in the mean time; and rail, when that day comes.

S C E N E XVII.

[To them] Mincing.

MINC. Mem, I am come to acquaint your la'ship, that dinner is impatient.

Sir WIL. Impatient? Why then, belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of slippers?——My man's with his horses, I warrant.

Lady WISH. Fie, fie, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your boots here——go down into the hall——dinner shall stay for you——My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam——Gentlemen, will you walk? Marwood.

Mrs. MAR. I'll follow you, madam,—before sir Wilfull is ready.

S C E N E XVIII.

Mrs. Marwood, Fainall.

FAIN. Why then Foible's a bawd, an errant, rank, match-making bawd. And I, it seems, am a husband, a rank-husband; and my wife a very errant, rank-wife,—all in the way of the World. 'Sdeath! to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with budding antlers, like a young satyr, or a citizen's child. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, to be out-jilted—out-matrimony'd—if I had kept my speed, like a stag, 'twere somewhat—but to crawl after, with my horns, like a snail, and be outstripp'd by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. MAR. Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their plot—the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe to Mirabell.

FAIN. Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my horns, by that increase of fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with gold, tho' my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy lieutenant's hall.

Mrs. MAR. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game, before she was marry'd.

FAIN. Hum! That may be—

206 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. MAR. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

FAIN. The means, the means.

Mrs. MAR. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her—my lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enrag'd beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece and fortune, and all, at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAIN. Faith, this has an appearance.

Mrs. MAR. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady, to endeavour a match between Millamant and sir Wilfull, that may be an obstacle.

FAIN. O, for that matter, leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that; he will drink like a Dane, after dinner. I'll set his hand in.

Mrs. MAR. Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

FAIN. Why, faith, I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—I am married already; so that's over—My wife has play'd the jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or, if I had, why that wou'd have been over too, by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her I am, and shall be—No, there's no end of that: No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation—As to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question.—And as to my part in my wife's—Why, she had parted with

hers before; so, bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. MAR. Besides you forget, marriage is honorable.

FAIN. Hum! faith, and that's well thought on; marriage is honorable, as you say; and, if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a root?

Mrs. MAR. Nay, I know not; if the root be honorable, why not the branches?

FAIN. So, so, why this point's clear.—Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. MAR. I will contrive a letter, which shall be deliver'd to my lady, at the time when that rascal, who is to act sir Rowland, is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have Foible provok'd, if I could help it;—because, you know, she knows some passages—nay, I expect all will come out—but let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

FAIN. If the worst come to the worst,——I'll turn my wife to grass—I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate; which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake of at least.

Mrs. MAR. I hope you art convince'd, that I hate Mirabell now: You'll be no more jealous?

FAIN. Jealous, no,—by this kiss—let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: Or, if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands doubts convert to endless jealousy; or, if they have belief,

208 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And, since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

All husbands must, or pain, or shame endure;
The wife too jealous are, fools too secure.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE continues.]

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

LADY WISH. Is sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible?
and are things in order?

FOI. Yes, madam, I have put wax-lights in the sconces,
and plac'd the footmen in a row, in the hall, in their
best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the
equipage.

LADY WISH. Have you pulvill'd the coachman and postilion,
that they may not stink of the stable, when sir Rowland
comes by?

FOI. Yes, madam.

LADY WISH. And are the dancers and the music ready,
that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence
to his passion?

FOI. All is ready, madam.

LADY WISH. And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

FOR. Most killing well, madam.

LADY WISH. Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No; I won't sit—I'll walk—Ay, I'll walk from the door, upon his entrance, and then turn full upon him—No; that will be too sudden. I'll lye—Ay, I'll lye down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lye neither, but loll, and lean upon one elbow; with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then, as soon as he appears, start; ay, start, and be surpriz'd; and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levée from a couch in some confusion—It shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and recomposing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

FOR. 'Tis he, madam.

LADY WISH. O dear, has my nephew made his addressee to Millamant? I order'd him.

FOR. Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

LADY WISH. Od's my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him, as I go—When they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with sir Rowland.

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Millamant, Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

FOI. Madam, I stay'd here, to tell your ladyship, that Mr. Mirabell has waited, this half hour, for an opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my lady's orders were, to leave you and sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell, that you are at leisure?

MILL. No——what wou'd the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and won'd amuse myself.——Bid him come another time.

There never yet was woman made;
Nor shall; but to be curs'd:

[Repeating, and walking about.

That's hard!

Mrs. FAIN. You are very fond of sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

MILL. He? Ay, and filthy verses——so I am.

FOI. Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

MILL. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away.——
Or send him hither,——just as you will, dear Foible.——
I think I'll see him——shall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspir'd Train.

[Repeating.

Dear Fainall, entertain sir Wilfull——Thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art marry'd, and hast patience——I would confer with my own thoughts.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 271

Mrs. FAIN. I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

SCENE IN.

[To them] Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. FAIN. O sir Wilfull; you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress, up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir WIL. Yes; my aunt will have it so,——I would gladly have been encourag'd with a bottle or two; because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted; [This while Millamant walks about, repeating to herself.]—But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind——that is upon further acquaintance——So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave——If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company.

Mrs. FAIN. O fie, sir Wilfull! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir WIL. Daunted! no, that's not it; it is not so much for that——for, if so be, that I set on't, I'll do't. But only, for the present, 'tis sufficient 'till further acquaintance, that's all——your servant.

Mrs. FAIN. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

SCENE IV.

Sir Wilfull, Millamant.

Sir WIL. Nay, nay, cousin,——I have forgot my gloves,——What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a' has lock'd the door, indeed, I think——Nay, cousin Fainall, open the door——Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this?——Nay, now a' has seen me too——Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were——I think this door's enchanted——

MILL. [repeating.]

I pr'ythee spare me, gentle boy,
Press me no more for that slight toy.

Sir WIL. Anan? Cousin, your servant.

MILL.——That foolish trifle of a heart.

——Sir Wilfull!

Sir WIL. Yes——your servant. No offence, I hope, cousin?

MILL. [repeating.]

I swear it will not do its part,
Tho' thou dost thine, employ't thy power and art.

Natural, easy Suckling!

Sir WIL. Anan? Suckling? No such suckling, neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heaven, I'm no minor.

MILL. Ah rustic, ruder than Gothic.

Sir WIL. Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin, in the mean while, I must answer in plain English.

MILL. Have you any business with me, sir Wilfull?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 213

Sir WIL. Not at present, cousin,—Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know, if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have fought a walk with you.

MILL. A walk ! What then ?

Sir WIL. Nay nothing—only for the walk's sake, that's all—

MILL. I nauseate walking ; 'tis a country diversion ; I loath the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir WIL. Indeed ! hah ! look ye, look ye, you do ? Nay, 'tis like you may—here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confes'd indeed.——

MILL. Ah l'etourdie ! I hate the town too.

Sir WIL. Dear heart, that's much—ha ! that you shou'd hate 'em both ! hah ! 'tis like you may ; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country,—'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

MILL. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may—you have nothing further to say to me ?

Sir WIL. Not at present, cousin—'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—however that's as time shall try—But spare to speak, and spare to speed, as they say.

MILL. If it is of no great importance, sir Wilfull, you will oblige me to leave me : I have just now a little business——

Sir WIL. Enough, enough, cousin : Yes, yes, all a case—when you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time ; and another time as well as now. All's one for that—Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste ; it will

Vol. II.

P.

keep cold, as they say——cousin, your servant.——I think this door's lock'd.

MILL. You may go this way, sir.

Sir WIL. Your servant; then, with your leave, I'll return to my company.

MILL. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

SCENE V.

Millamant, Mirabell.

MIRA. Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contriv'd, to signify, that here the chace must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?——

MILL. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment, tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony; I expect you should solicit me, as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

MIRA. What, after the last?

MILL. O, I should think I was poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIRA. But do not you know, that when favors are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 215

MILL. It may be in things of common application ; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the sawy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband, has not so pragmatical an air. Ah ! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRA. Would you have 'em both before marriage ? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace ?

MILL. Ah, don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee ? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu ? Ay—h adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye douceurs, ye *Sommelis du Matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—positively, Mirabell, I'll lye a-bed in a morning, as long as I please.

MIRA. Then I'll get up in a morning, as early as I please.

MILL. Ah ! idle creature, get up when you will—and, d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm marry'd ; positively, I won't be call'd names.

MIRA. Names !

MILL. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my lady Fidler and sir Francis : Nor go to Hide-Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers ; and then never be seen

there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and asham'd of one another ever after. Let us never visit together; nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: Let us be as strange, as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred, as if we were not marry'd at all.

MIR. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MIL. Trifles.—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and chuse conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits; that I don't like; because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools; because they may be your relations. Come to dinner, when I please, dine in my dressing-room, when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach, without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may, by degrees, dwindle into a wife.

MIR. Your bill of fare is something advanc'd in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—
That, when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be, beyond measure, enlarg'd into a husband.

MIL. You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIR. I thank you. Imprints then, I covenant, that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex: No she friend, to

screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop-scambling to the play in a mask—Then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—And rail at me, for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic, which you had to pick me up, and prove my constancy.

MILL. Detestable imprimis! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRA. Item, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall: And, while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oil'd-skins, and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in What-d'ye-call-it court. Item, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and penny-worths of mullin, china, Fans, Atlases, &c.—Item, when you shall be breeding——

MILL. Ah! name it not.

MIRA. Which may be presum'd, with a blessing on our endeavors——

MILL. Odious endeavors!

MIRA. I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mold my boy's head like a sugar-loaf; and, instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit—But with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authoriz'd tea-table talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling of reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth

—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all anniseed, cinnamon, citron and Barbadoes' waters, together with ratifia, and the most noble spirit of Clary—but for coulis-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILL. O horrid provisos! filthy strong-waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIRA. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Mrs. Fainall.

MILL. Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. FAIN. Ay, ay, take him, take him; what shou'd you do?

MILL. Well then—I'll take my death, I'm in a horrid fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—Well—I think I'll endure you.

Mrs. FAIN. Fie, fie, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms; for I am sure you have a mind to him.

MILL. Are you? I think I have—and the horrid man looks, as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 219

think you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—here, kiss my hand tho'—So, hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. FAIN. Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience;—you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming, and, in my conscience, if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to sir Rowland; who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

MILL. Ay, go, go. In the mean time, I suppose you have said something to please me.

MIRA. I am all obedience.

SCENE VII.

Millamant, Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. FAIN. Yonder sir Wilfull's drunk; and so noisy, that my mother has been forc'd to leave sir Rowland, to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—what they may have done by this time I know not; but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling, as I came by.

MILL. Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. FAIN. So it seems; for you mind not what is said to you.—If you doubt him, you had best take up with sir Wilfull.

MILL. How can you name that superannuated lubber?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

SCENE VIII.

[To them] Witwoud from drinking.

Mrs. FAIN. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

WITT. Left'em? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christ'nings—I am tipsy with laughing—if I had stay'd any longer, I should have burst,—I must have been let out, and piec'd in the sides, like an unfiz'd camlet—Yes, yes, the fray is compos'd; my lady came in, like a noli prosequi, and stop't the proceedings.

MILL. What was the dispute?

WIT. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another, like two roasting apples.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Petulant drunk.

WITT. Now Petulant? all's over, all's well? Gad, my head begins to whim it about—Why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

PETU. Look you, Mrs. Millamant—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—Pass on, or pass off,—that's all.

WIT. Thou hast utter'd volumes, folios, in less than decimo sexto, my dear Lacedæmonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words.

PETU. Witwoud—You are an annihilator of sense.

WIT. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pin-cushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

PETU. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy half brother, is the rest—a Gemini of asses split, would make just four of you.

WIT. Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

PETU. Stand off—I'll kiss no more males—I have kiss'd your twin yonder, in a humor of reconciliation, 'till he (hiccup) rises upon my stomach like a radish.

MILL. Eh! filthy creature—what was the quarrel?

PETU. There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

WIT. If there had been words enow between 'em, to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears, like a pair of castanets.

PETU. You were the quarrel.

MILL. Me!

PETU. If I have a humor to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises.—If you are not handsome, what then; if I have a humor to prove it?—If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

WIT. Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge—And, hear me, if thou canst learn to write by

to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for you.

PETU. Carry your mistress's monkey a spider——
Go, flea dogs, and read romances——I'll go to bed to my maid.

MRS. FAIN. He's horridly drunk—How came you all in this pickle?

WIT. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

S C E N E X.

Sir Wilful drunk, Lady Wishfort, Witwoud, Millamant,
Mrs. Fainall.

Lady WISH. Out upon't, out upon't! at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

Sir WIL. No offence, aunt.

Lady WISH. Offence? As I am a person, I'm aham'd of you—Fogh! how you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio! you're an absolute Borachio.

Sir WIL. Borachio!

Lady WISH. At a time when you shou'd commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost——

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill—Give me more drink, and take my purse.

Sings. Pr'ythee fill me a glass
'Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow :
He that whines for a laís
Is an ignorant aís,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

—But if you wou'd have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do't——Wilfull will do't, that's the word, —Wilfull will do't, that's my crest——my motto I have forgot.

Lady WISH. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word, you are oblig'd to him——

Sir WIL. In vino veritas, aunt :—If I drunk your health to-day, cousin,—I am a Borachio. But, if you have a mind to be marry'd, say the word, and send for the piper, Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round—Tony, Od's heart, where's 'Tony—Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings. We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys.
Let Apollo's example invite us ;
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your Antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your An-

224 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

tipodes—your Antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsyturvy fellows—If I had a bumper, I'd stand upon my head, and drink a health to 'em—A match, or no match, cousin, with the hard name—Aunt, Wilfull will do't. If she has her maiden-head, let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own council in the mean time, and cry out, at the nine months end.

MILL. Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer—Sir Wilfull grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome, if I stay. Come, cousin.

SCENE XI.

Lady Wishfort, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, Foible.

LADY WISH. Smells! he wou'd poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel, quoth-a; ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone; get thee but far enough, to the Saracens, or the Tartars or the Turks——for thou art not fit to live in a christian common-wealth, thou beastly pagan.

SIR WIL. Turks! no; no Turks, aunt: Your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman, is a dry stinkard—No offence, aunt. My map says, that your Turk is not so honest a man as your christian—I cannot find by the map, that your Musti is orthodox—whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and [hiccup] greek for claret.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 223

Sings. To drink, is a christian diversion,

Unknown to the Turk or the Persian :

Let Mahometan fools

Live by Heathenish rules,

And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee.

But let British lads sing,

Crown a health to the king,

And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

Ah. Tony !

[Foible whispers Lady Wishfort.

Lady WISH. Sir Rowland impatient ? good-lack ! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrel ?——Go, lie down and sleep, you sot——Or, as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinado'd with broom-sticks. Call up the wenches with broom-sticks.

Sir WIL. Ahey, wenches ! Where are the wenches ?

Lady WISH. Dear cousin Witwoud, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment, that invades me with some precipitation——You will oblige me to all futurity.

WIT. Come, knight——pox on him, I don't know what to say to him——Will you go to a cock-match ?

Sir WIL. With a wench, Tony ? Is she a shake-bag, firrah ? Let me bite your cheek for that.

WIT. Horrible ! he has a breath like a bag-pipe——Ay, ay, come, will you march, my Salopian ?

Sir WIL. Lead on, little Tony——I'll follow thee, My Anthony, my Tantony ; firrah, thou shalt be my Tantony, and I'll be thy Pig.

——And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

Lady WISH. This will never do. It will never make a match.—At least before he has been abroad.

S C E N E XII.

Lady Wishfort, Waitwell disguis'd as for Sir Rowland.

Lady WISH. Dear sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion, at the retrospection of my own rudeness,—I have more pardons to ask, than the pope distributes in the year of Jubilee. But I hope, where there is likely to be so near an alliance,—we may unbend the severity of Decorums—and dispense with a little ceremony.

WAIT. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport;—and, 'till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantaliz'd on the rack; and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

Lady WISH. You have excess of gallantry, sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence——but a day or two, for decency of marriage.——

WAIT. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or, if that should fail, I shall be poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs, and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him, before I die——I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.——That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural viper.

Lady WISH. Is he so unnatural, say you? Tuly, I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the ac-

complishment of your revenge—not that I respect myself, tho' he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAIT. Perfidious to you!

Lady WISH. O fir Rowland, the hours, that he has dy'd away at my feet; the tears, that he has shed; the oaths, that he has sworn; the palpitations, that he has felt; the trances and the tremblings, the ardors and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, and the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes! Oh! no memory can register.

WAIT. What, my rival! Is the rebel my rival? A'dies.

Lady WISH. No, don't kill him at once, fir Rowland, starve him gradually inch by inch.

WAIT. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be bare-foot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms,—he shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink, like a candle's end upon a fave-all.

Lady WISH. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way.—You are no novice in the labyrinth of love.—You have the clue—but, as I am a person, fir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widow-hood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence.—I hope you do not think me prone to an iteration of nuptials.—

WAIT. Far be it from me—

Lady WISH. If you do, I protest I must recede.—Or think, that I have made a prostitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compassion—and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

WAIT. I esteem it so—

Lady WISH. Or else you wrong my condescension—

228 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WAIT. I do not, I do not——

Lady WISH. Indeed you do.

WAIT. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

Lady WISH. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient——

WAIT. Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense, all chastity and odor.

Lady WISH. Or that——

SCENE XIII.

[To them] Foible.

FOI. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

Lady WISH. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person, who would suffer racks, in honor's cause, dear sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.

SCENE XIV.

Waitwell, Foible.

WAIT. Fie, fie!—What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any cordial, I want spirits.

FOI. What a washy rogue are thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady?

WAIT. O, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no appetite to iteration.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 329

of nuptials—this eight and forty hours—by this hand, I'd rather be a chairman, in the dog-days—than act fir Rowland 'till this time to-morrow.

SCENE XV.

[To them] Lady Wishfort, with a letter.

LADY WISH. Call in the dancers.—Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. [Dance. Now, with your permission, fir Rowland, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence; because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy, I would burn it—speak, if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

FOR. By heav'n! Mrs. Marwood's. I know it.—My heart aches—get it from her.—[To him.

WAIT. A woman's hand? No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody, whose throat must be cut.

LADY WISH. Nay, fir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion, by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here.

Reads.—“Madam, tho' unknown to you” (Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.) “I have that honour for your character, that I think myself oblig'd to let you know, you are abus'd. He, who pretends to be fir Rowland, is a cheat and a rascal”

Oh heavens! what's this? —
FOR. Unfortunate! all's ruin'd!

WARR. Now, how; let me see, let me see——reading.
 “A rascal, and disguis’d, and suborn’d for that imposture”——
 O villany! O villany! “By the contrivance of”——

Lady WISH. I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

FOR. Say ’tis your nephew’s hand.——Quickly, his
 plot, swear it, swear it.—— [To him.

WARR. Here’s a villain! madam, don’t you perceive it,
 don’t you see it?

Lady WISH. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

WARR. I told you at first I knew the hand——A
 woman’s hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand;
 your Roman hand——I saw there was a throat to be cut
 presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I’d
 pistol him——

FOR. O treachery! But are you sure, sir Rowland, it is
 his writing?

WARR. Sure! Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl
 of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in
 the same character.

Lady WISH. How!

FOR. O what luck it is, sir Rowland, that you were pre-
 sent at this juncture! This was the business that brought
 Mr. Mirabell disguis’d to Madam Millamant this afternoon.
 I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me,
 and would have hid his face.

Lady WISH. Now, how!——I heard the villain was in
 the house indeed; and, now I remember, my piece went
 away abruptly, when sir Wilful was to have made his
 address.

FOR. Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her
 in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship, to dis-
 compose you, when you were to receive sir Rowland.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 237

WAIT. Enough ; his date is short.

FOX. No, good sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

WAIT. Law ! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause—My lady shall be satisfy'd of my truth and innocence, tho' it cost me my life.

Lady WISH. No, dear sir Rowland, don't fight ; if you shou'd be kill'd, I must never shew my face ; or hang'd,—O consider my reputation, sir Rowland—No, you sha'n't fight—I'll go in and examine my niece ; I'll make her confes. I conjure you, sir Rowland, by all your love not to fight.

WAIT. I am charm'd madam, I obey. But some proof you must let me give you.—I'll go for a black box, which contains the writing of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

Lady WISH. Ay, dear sir Rowland, that will be some comfort, bring the black box.

WAIT. And may I presume to bring a contract to be sign'd this night ? May I hope so far ?

Lady WISH. Bring what you will ; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery..

WAIT. Dead or alive, I'll come—and married we will be, in spite of treachery ; ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandon'd nephew. Come, my buxom widow.

Ere long you shall substantial proof receive

That I'm an arrant knight——

FOX.——Or arrant knave.

ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE continues.]

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

Lady WISH. Out of my house, out of my house, thou Viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom traitress, that I rais'd from nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go—That I took from washing of old gauze, and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chafing-dish of starv'd embers, and dining behind a traverse rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage—go, go, starve again, do, do.

FOR. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

Lady WISH. Away, out, out, go, set up for yourself again—do, drive a trade, do, with your three penny-worth of small ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandy-seller's bulk, or against a dead wall, by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old Frisoneer-gorget, with a yard of yellow Colberteene again, do; an old gnaw'd mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade.—These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, plac'd you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forget this, have you, now you have feather'd your nest?

FOR. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your ladyship should come to no damage—or else the wealth of the Indies should not have brib'd me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady, as you have been to me.

LADY WISH. No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decay'd pimp? No damage! O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-belly'd actress.

FOR. Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam—no indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your ladyship; he could not have bedded your ladyship; for, if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risque of the law, and been put upon his clergy—Yes indeed, I enquir'd of the law in that case, before I would meddle or make.

LADY WISH. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems—while you were catering for Mirabell; I have been broker for you? What, have you made a passive bawd of me?—this exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between Abigaila and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's-Place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already: You shall coo

in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish.

For. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd, —a bride, ay I shall be a bridewel-bride. Oh!

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. FAIN. Poor Foible, what's the matter?

For. O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell, to beat hemp; poor Waitwell's gone to prison already.

Mrs. FAIN. Have a good heart, Foible; Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's, and my husband's doing.

For. Yes, yes; I know it, madam; she was in my lady's closet, and over-heard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and, that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot, to arrest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and, in the mean time, Mrs. Marwood declar'd all to my lady.

Mrs. FAIN. Was there no mention made of me in the letter?—My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy: I fancy Marwood has not told her, tho' she has told my husband.

For. Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part: We stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

Mrs. FAIN. Ay, all's out, my affair with Mirabell, every thing discover'd. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

FOI. Indeed, madam, and so 'tis a comfort, if you knew all——he has been even with your ladyship; which I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than set them at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related, than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. FAIN. Say'st thou so, Foible? Can'st thou prove this?

FOI. I can take my oath of it, madam; so can Mrs. Mincing; we have had many a fair word from madam Marwood, to conceal something that pass'd in our chamber one evening, when you were at Hide-Park;——and we were thought to have gone a-walking; but we went up unawares——tho' we were sworn to secrecy too; madam Marwood took a book, and swore us upon it: But it was but a book of poems——So long as it was not a bible-oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. FAIN. This discovery is the most opportune thing I cou'd wish——Now, Mincing.

SCENE III.

[To them] Mincing.

MINC. My lady wou'd speak with Mrs. Foible, Mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and wou'd have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, 'till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something Mr. Fainall has said;

236 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

he swears, and my old lady cries; there's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, Mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. FAIN. Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

MINC. Yes, Mem, they have sent me to see if sir Willfull be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolv'd to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pound. O, come, Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. FAIN. Foible, you must tell Mincing, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

FOI. Yes, yes, madam.

MINC. O, yes, Mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be it what it will.

S C E N E IV.

Mrs Fainall, Lady Wishfort, Marwood.

Lady WISH. O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have receiv'd from your goodness. To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor, sir Rowland. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes; and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. MAR. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

Lady WISH. O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and, as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minutest particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mold of virtue? I have not only been a mold, but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

Mrs. FAIN. I don't understand your ladyship.

Lady WISH. Not understand! Why, have you not been naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand? Here I am ruin'd, to compound for your caprices and your cuckoldoms. I must pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough—

Mrs. FAIN. I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend there, ay or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. MAR. My friend, Mrs. Fainall? Your husband my friend! What do you mean?

Mrs. FAIN. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world, at a time convenient.

Mrs. MAR. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper wou'd look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal, to serve your ladyship and family, should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady WISH. O dear friend, I am so ashamed, that you should meet with such returns——You ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish——O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity——No, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. FAIN. I tell you, madam, you're abus'd——Stick to you? Ay, like a leach, to suck your best blood——she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you sha'n't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a tryal.

SCENE V.

Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady WISH. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,——and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable——I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress, upon her tender years, a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men,——ay, friend, she won'd ha' shriek'd, if she had but seen a man, 'till she was in her teens. As I'm a person, 'tis true——She was never suffer'd to play with a male-child, tho' but in coats; nay her very babies were of the feminine Gender——O, she never look'd a man in the face, but her own father or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman,

by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face; 'till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. MAR. 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

Lady WISH. I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays; and prophane music-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the bases roar blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore! and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a play-house. O dear friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. MAR. Prove it, madam? What, and have your name prostituted in a public court; yours, and your daughter's reputation worry'd at the bar, by a pack of bawling lawyers? To be usher'd in with an O Yes of scandal; and have your case open'd by an old fumbling lecher, in a quoin, like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters, and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Dooms-day-book. To discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories, in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickl'd with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and figes off and on his cushion, as if he had swallow'd Cantharides, or sat upon Cow-Itch.

Lady WISH. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. MAR. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers, in an eating-house.

Lady WISH. Worse and worse.

Mrs. MAR. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here, 'twere well. But it must, after this, be consign'd by the short-hand writers, to the public press; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's: And this you must hear, 'till you are stun'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

Lady WISH. O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece, and her all—any thing, every thing, for composition.

Mrs. MAR. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences, which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think, I would rather congratulate, than condole with you.

SCENE VI.

Fainall, Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady WISH. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood. No, no, I do not doubt it.

FAIN. Well, madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady, your friend; and am

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 241

content you shall enjoy your own proper estate, during life; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

Lady WISH. Never to marry!

FAIN. No more sir Rowlands,—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. MAR. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd the perfidioufness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

Lady WISH. Ay, that's true; but, in case of necessity; as of health, or some such emergency——

FAIN. O, if you are prescrib'd marriage, you shall be consider'd; I will only reserve to myself the power to chuse for you, if your physic be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

Lady WISH. That is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

FAIN. I learn'd it from his Czarish majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practis'd in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pound, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceas'd husband, sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience, in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd

match with sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

Lady WISH. My nephew was non compos; and could not make his addressee.

FAIN. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

Lady WISH. You will grant me time to consider?

FAIN. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand 'till more sufficient deeds can be perfected; which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said instrument, and, 'till my return, you may balance this matter in your own discretion.

SCENE VII.

Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady WISH. This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs. MAR. 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you shou'd smart for your daughter's wantonness.

Lady WISH. 'Twas against my consent, that she marry'd this barbarian; but she would have him, tho' her year was not out.—Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a witless—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate?—Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

SCENE VIII.

[To them] Millamant, Sir Wilfull

Sir WIL. Aunt, your servant.

Lady WISH. Out, Caterpillar, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir WIL. I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and, if I did, I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing, I'll pay for't, as it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my cousin. So, pray, let's all be friends; she and I are agreed upon the matter, before a witness.

Lady WISH. How's this, dear-niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be true?

MILK. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you, that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on Mirabell, to come in person, and be a witness, that I give my hand to this flower of knight-hood; and, for the contract that pass'd between Mirabell and me, I have oblig'd him to make a resignation of it, in your ladyship's presence.—He is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

Lady WISH. Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that

traitor,——I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him, I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

MILL. If you disoblige him, he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady WISH. Are you sure it will be the last time?——If I were sure of that——Shall I never see him again?

MILL. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir WILL. 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why, we are sworn brothers, and fellow-travellers.——We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I——He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts.' He has been over-seas once already; and, with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company.——'Sheart, I'll call him in,——an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[Goes to the door, and hems.

Mrs. MAR. This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

Lady WISH. O dear Marwood, you are not going?

Mrs. MAR. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.

Lady Wishfort, Millamant, Sir Wilfull, Mirabell.

Sir WILL. Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'Sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you;——Besides——harkee, she dares not frown desperately, because her face is none

of her own; 'Sheart, an she shou'd, her forehead wou'd wrinkle like a coat of cream-cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

MIRA. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offer'd to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy.——Ah, madam, there was a time——But let it be forgotten——I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high-place, I once held, of sitting at your feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain——I come not to plead for favour:——Nay, not for pardon; I am a suppliant only for pity——I am going where I never shall behold you more——

Sir WILL. How, fellow traveller!——You shall go by yourself then.

MIRA. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten——I ask no more.

Sir WIL. By'r lady, a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt;——come, come, forgive and forget, aunt; why you must, an you are a christian.

MIRA. Consider, madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device; tho' I confess it had a face of guiltiness——it was at most an artifice, which love contriv'd——and errors, which love produces, have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost, what in my heart I hold most dear; that to your cruel indignation I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir WIL. An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be O' the quorum——An it were not as good a deed as to

246 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

drink, to give her to him again,—I wou'd I might never take shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth glue, and that's hardly dry;—one doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolv'd.

Lady WISH. Well, nephew, upon your account—Ah, he has a false insinuating tongue—Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request—I will endeavour what I can to forget,—but on proviso, that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

MIRA. It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments, for your transcendent goodness.

Lady WISH. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue—When I did not see him, I cou'd have brib'd a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers, which have so long lain smother'd in my breast.—

[Aside.

SCENE X.

[To them] Fainall, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN. Your date of deliberation, madam, is expir'd. Here is the instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady WISH. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having match'd herself, by my direction, to sir Willfull.

FAIN. That sham is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, madam.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 227

MILL. Sir, I have given my consent.

MIRA. And sir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

Sir WIL. And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument; sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a mittimus, or a taylor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, sir, or, by's lady, I shall draw mine.

Lady WISH. Hold, nephew, hold.

MILL. Good sir Wilfull, respite you valor.

FAIN. Indeed? Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepar'd for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.——I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, sir Wilfull, your right——You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a Bear-garden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my lady Wishfort, must be subscrib'd, or your darling daughter turn'd adrift, like a leaky hulk, to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

Lady WISH. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence, to my daughter's fortune?

FAIN. I'll answer you, when I have the rest of it in my possession.

MIRA. But that you wou'd not accept of a remedy from my hands——I own I have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I cou'd advise——

Lady WISH. O what? what? To save me and my child from ruin, from want; I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

MIRA. Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services:—But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

Lady WISH. How! Dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible.—Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match, you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune; if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

MIRA. Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

Lady WISH. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

MIRA. Foible is one, and a penitent.

SCENE XI.

[To them] Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. MAR. O my shame! [Mira. and Lady Wish. go to Mrs. Fain. and Foible] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [To Fainall.]

FAIN. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the Way of the World. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

FOR. Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my bible-oath of it.

MINC. And so will I, Mem.

Lady WISH. O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false? My friend deceive me! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mrs. MAR. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit, against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

MINC. Mercenary, Mem? I scorn your words. 'Tis true, we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been mercenary, we shou'd have held our tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

FAIN. Go, you are an insignificant thing—Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this, I will not leave thee where-withal to hide thy shame: Your body shall be naked as your reputation.

Mrs. FAIN. I despise you, and defy your malice—You have aspers'd me wrongfully—I have prov'd your falshood—Go you, and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

FAIN. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady WISH. Ah, Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

MIRA. O in good time—Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

250 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

S C E N E XII.

[To them.] Waitwell, with a box of writings.

Lady WISH. O fir Rowland—Well, rascal.

WAIT. What your ladyship pleases—I have brought the black box at last, madam.

MIRA. Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

Lady WISH. Ay, dear fir.

MIRA. Where are the gentlemen?

WAIT. At hand, fir, rubbing their eyes—Just risen from sleep.

FAIN. 'Sdeath! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

S C E N E XIII.

[To them.] Petulant, Witwoud.

PETU. How now? What's the matter? Whose hand's out?

WIT. Hey day! What, are you all got together, like players at the end of the last act?

MIRA. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

WIT. Ay, I do, my hand—I remember—Petulant set his mark.

MIRA. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear—You do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what the parchment contain'd? [Undoing the box.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. 351

WIT. No.

PETU. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

MIRA. Very well; now you shall know—Madam, your promise.

Lady WISH. Ay, ay, fir, upon my honor.

MIRA. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you shou'd know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had, by your insinuations, wheedled her out of a pretended settlement, of the greatest part of her fortune——

FAIN. Sir! pretended!

MIRA. Yes, fir. I say, that this lady, while a widow, having, it seems, receiv'd some cautions, respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which, from her own partial opinion and fondness of you, she cou'd never have suspected.—She did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learn'd in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me, in trust, and to the uses within mention'd. You may read, if you please—[Holding out the parchment.] tho' perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

FAIN. Very likely, fir. What's here? Damnation!
[Reads.] “A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real
“of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell.”
Confusion!

MIRA. Even so, fir: 'Tis the Way of the World, fir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

FAIN. Perfidious fiend! Then thus I'll be reveng'd——
[Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.]

Sir WIL. Hold, fir; now you may make your Bear-garden flourish somewhere else, fir.

FAIN. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, fir; be sure you shall——Let me pass, oaf.

Mrs. FAIN. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment; you had better give it vent.

Mrs. MAR. Yes, it shall have vent——and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt.

S C E N E the last.

Lady Wishfort, Millamant, Mirabell, Mrs. Fainall, Sir Wilfull, Petulant, Witwoud, Foible, Mincing, Waitwell.

Lady WISH. O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. FAIN. Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

Lady WISH. Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise——and I must perform mine.——First, I pardon, for your sake, fir Rowland there, and Foible.——The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew——and how to do that——

MIRA. For that, madam, give yourself no trouble——let me have your consent——Sir Wilfull is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engag'd a volunteer in this action, for our service; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is

to see foreign parts——I have set on't——and, when I'm set on't, I must do't. And, if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

PETU. For my part, I say little——I think things are best; off or on.

WAIT. I gad, I understand nothing of the matter—I'm in a maze yet; like a dog in a dancing-school.

Lady WISH. Well, fir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

MILL. Why does not the man take me? Wou'd you have me give myself to you over again?

MIRA. Ay, and over and over again; [Kisses her hand.] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir WIL. 'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or, if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the mean time, that we, who are not lovers, may have some other employment, besides looking on.

MIRA. With all my heart, dear fir Wilfull: What shall we do for music?

FOI. O fir, some, that were provided for fir Rowland's entertainment, are yet within call. [A dance.

Lady WISH. As I am a person, I can hold out no longer;——I have waisted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainhall will pursue some desperate course.

MIRA. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge, his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: In the mean time, madam, [To Mrs. Fain.] let me, before these witnesses, restore to you

254 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

this deed of trust; it may be a means, well manag'd, to
make you live easily together.

From hence, let those be warn'd, who mean to wed;
Lest mutual falshood stain the bridal-bed:

For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFTER our Epilogue this crowd dismisses,
I'm thinking how this play'll be pull'd to pieces,
But pray consider, ere you doom its fall,
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all,
There are some critics, so with spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come, inclining to be pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases any one, against his will.
Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their number's swell'd the town well knows;
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit:
Tho' they're, on no pretence, for judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd, for want of wit.
Since when, they, by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault.
Others there are, whose malice we'd prevent;
Such who watch plays, with scurrilous intent,
To mark out who by characters are meant.
And tho' no perfect likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the copy'd face.
These, with false glosses, feed their own ill-nature,
And turn to libel, what was meant a satire.
May such malicious fops this fortune find,
To think themselves alone the fools design'd:
If any are so arrogantly vain,
To think they singly can support a scene,
And furnish fool enough to entertain.

EPILOGUE.

For well the learn'd, and the judicious know,
That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted fop to show.
For, as when painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair one catch some diff'rent grace;
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend:
So poets, oft, do in one piece expose
Whole Belles Assemblées of coquets and beaux.

